



The Grail

JUNE, 1930

A Glimpse of Heaven

ANSELM SCHAAP, O. S. B.

When the Lafayettes were Young

EDITH TATUM

London's Old-time Mass Houses

E. M. ALMEDINGEN

Unshaken Love

WINIFRED I. NICE

THE MEDAL of SAINT BENEDICT

PROFIT SHARING PLAN

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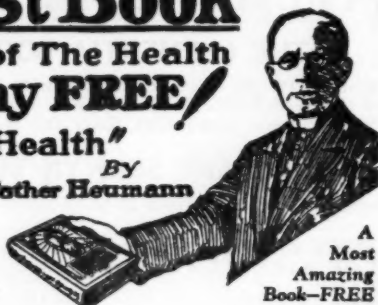
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The Grail

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CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE	53
LITURGICAL JOTTINGS	Victor Dux, O. S. B. 54
"OWED" TO ST. MEINRAD ABBEY—(Poem)	C. J. Duesing 54
A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN	Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B. 55
IN HIS FOOTSTEPS—(Poem)	Margaret J. McCann 57
UNSHAKEN LOVE	Winifred I. Nyce 59
THE SOLEMN ABBATIAL BLESSING	63
ALAN'S DAUGHTER	Mary Agatha Gray 68
WHEN THE LAFAYETTES WERE YOUNG	Edith Tatum 70
UNTO THESE LEAST—(Poem)	Mary Elizabeth Buckley 74
THE VOICE OF THE WIND—(Poem)	Sr. M. Agnes 75
LONDON'S OLD-TIME MASS HOUSES	E. M. Almedingen 77
NEWLY BEATIFIED MARTYRS OF BENEDICTINE ORDER	Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. 79
AD MULTOS ANNOS	Hilary DeJean, O. S. B. 80
NOTES OF INTEREST	81
KWEERY KORNER	Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B. 82
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS	Clare Hampton 83
CHILDREN'S CORNER	Agnes Brown Hering 85
IN SUMMER—(Poem)	Charles J. Quirk, S. J. 88
MAID AND MOTHER	Clare Hampton 89
SECURITY—(Poem)	Edith Tatum 91
DR. HELEN'S CONSULTING ROOM	Helen Hughes Hielscher, M. D. 93

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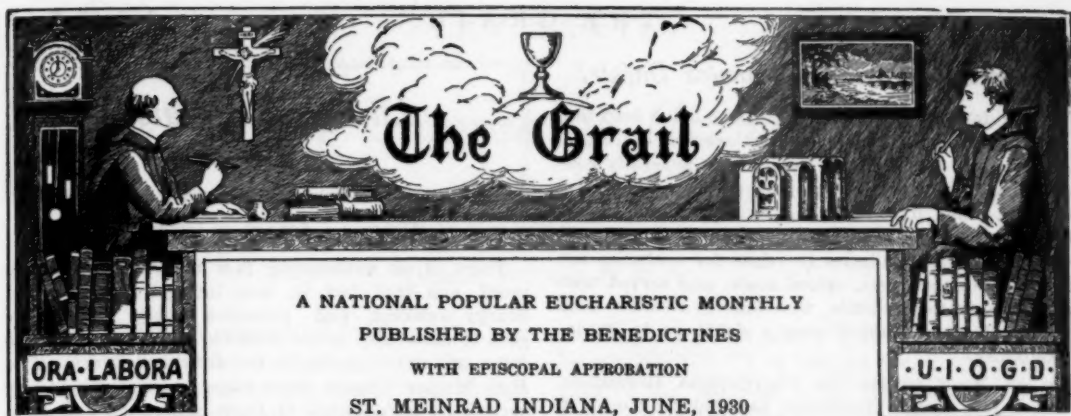
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Coadjutor Abbot Ignatius

It gives us pleasure to present our readers this month, instead of the usual frontispiece, a picture of our new Coadjutor Abbot, the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Esser, O. S. B., whom the chapter of the Abbey chose by secret ballot in the election of March 11. The Coadjutor Abbot, who has taken over the reins of government, received the solemn blessing of the Church on May 7 and was officially installed in office by the Bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D.

In his capacity as superior of St. Meinrad Abbey during thirty-two years Abbot Athanasius labored hard and faithfully to build up the house of God and to place on a solid foundation the abbey committed to his care. In this he was very successful. Not only did he dispel the cloud of debt that hung over the property when he entered into office, but he erected a magnificent abbey church, put up a substantial, fireproof library, extended a new seminary along the west front, besides making other notable improvements. Moreover, he left a nest egg from which eventually several other badly needed buildings should evolve.

Our Coadjutor Abbot comes upon the scene youthful in spirit, vigorous, and energetic. While the base of operations is firm and well fortified, the task of raising up new buildings to meet present and future needs of Abbey and school will not be easy. To do this, more abundant funds will be required than are available at present. Judicious administration and considerable ingenuity are further requisites.

Coadjutor Abbot Ignatius is not entirely unknown to many of our readers, for he has from time to time contributed articles to the pages of *THE GRAIL*. We bid our new spiritual Father hearty welcome and wish him Godspeed on the course that stretches out before him. May Heaven's choicest blessings be ever upon him.

Ye Editor Jubilates

Twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, seems like a small eternity—when one peers into the unfathomable future; but time glides swiftly by.

Twenty-five years ago this June Auxiliary Bishop O'Donaghue, of Indianapolis, long since gone to his reward, ordained to the priesthood a small class of candidates in the old frame parish church that for nearly three quarters of a century has overlooked the village of St. Meinrad. Among those on whom the Bishop laid consecrating hands on that memorable occasion was the writer of these lines. It was the intention of the jubilarian to pass over this anniversary with "nary" a word said, but loving confreres secretly conspired to celebrate—and the superior appointed the day of jubilation. Hence it was proper to make a virtue of necessity—and yield gracefully.

The priest and religious has very much to be grateful for to Almighty God. Upon the recipient of the call to the true Faith, to the religious state, and to the priesthood, without any merit on his part, three inestimable graces have been freely bestowed by the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The priest is an instrument in the hands of God to save souls, to snatch sinners from the jaws of the bottomless pit, and to prepare them for a happy eternity. The priest has not received holy orders for himself, but for others. He is destined to carry on the work inaugurated by the Good Shepherd, who came to seek the sheep that were lost.

Whether he administers consolation in the tribunal of penance, or preaches the Word of God from the pulpit, or scatters the seed of the Word by means of the press, the priest causes the Word of God to resound over mountains and plain, to reverberate from shore to shore and from pole to pole. Unless the advent of the radio has effected a change in this, the audience that reads, is larger than that which hears, the spoken word. More than this, the seed of the printed word will more readily fall upon the soil of the good non-Catholic heart, germinate, strike root there, and grow up into a fruit-bearing tree.

The writer humbly acknowledges his own littleness, as well as the immensity and the goodness of God, who deigned to bestow on so weak and frail an instrument the marks of His special love. The thought of so much goodness is overwhelming.

Is the Encyclopedia Britannica Unfair?

In our days of specializing when men delve deep into a particular phase of a branch of science, literature, or trade, and the like, the specialist is generally consulted before any work of importance is undertaken. However, when it comes to inquiring into the merits of the Catholic religion, the line is frequently drawn. The untruths and fallacies in vogue for centuries are rehearsed, warmed over, spiced anew, and served time and again to the gullible, who eagerly swallow such unpalatable fare without even a doubt as to its indigestibility.

In its latest edition the Encyclopedia Britannica, which enjoys a wide circulation, has laid itself open to the suspicion of having acted in this unfair manner. Instead of applying to the proper source for its information in a matter vitally Catholic, it has employed a man noted for his bigotry. We quote from the *Ave Maria*:

"Not many individual Catholics are in the market for a general encyclopedia. For those who are, however, it might be well to know that the editors of the new Britannica chose a pronounced bigot in G. G. Coulton, to write the article upon the Religious Revolt of the Sixteenth Century. No excuse that the publishers can give will satisfy such a choice. Catholics can get along very well without this particular publication. There are many other good encyclopedias on the market."

Native Sisters of South Africa

A native sisterhood, called the Daughters of St. Francis of Assisi, has been founded in South Africa for the purpose of evangelizing their fellow men in that distant region. The Directress General of this sisterhood, Mother M. Aemiliana, is an American citizen, who hails from the shores of Lake Erie. Mother Aemiliana has just come to this country in the interest of her foundation. She will travel through the States during the months of June, July, and August to collect for the needs of her spiritual children, who are very poor. For some forty years Mother Aemiliana has been laboring among the natives of Natal, South Africa, in the neighborhood of the well-known Mariannhill Mission. She is a member of the Congregation of the Mission Sisters of the Most Precious Blood, a community that was called into existence in 1885 by the late Abbot Francis Pfanner of Mariannhill. The new foundation of natives, of which she has been Directress General since 1922, has thirty professed sisters, fifteen novices, nineteen postulants, and sixty-five candidates. The mother house of this new Congregation is situated in the seaport town of Durban on the Indian Ocean. These native Sisters, who are now to be found in a number of the mission stations, are becoming a vital factor in the conversion of their countrymen. They visit the kraals, nurse the sick, get catechumens ready for baptism, and assist in preparing for first confession and for first Communion. This is a work that deserves the cooperation of the faithful.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

LITURGY A SOURCE OF DEVOTION

There is an outstanding fact that should need no proof, and that fact is, that interest in the sacred liturgy awakens and promotes piety. Experience goes to show that to the Catholic man or woman who takes an active share in the liturgical functions of Holy Mother Church those sacred ceremonies become veritable fountainheads of fresh inspiration and devotion. We might therefore call the peculiar devotion gathered from the liturgy by the name of *liturgical piety*. It may seem like saying too much if we make the statement that each one is responsible for the degree of this devotion present in his own interior; yet such a statement is not so far-fetched as to be unreasonable. For, although exterior liturgical rites may not affect everyone in the same way, and consequently do not produce the same degree of spiritual warmth in every soul, yet it is to be deplored that very, very many people do little, or nothing, to prepare their hearts for the reception of such grace as God has ordained shall come to them *only through the liturgy*. Are not these, at least, making themselves responsible for the low temperature registered by their spiritual thermometer?

AT YOUR OWN DOOR

If a questionnaire on this subject were answered conscientiously by any representative Catholic group, it would undoubtedly show a large percentage of only

(Continued on page 88)

"Owed" to St. Meinrad Abbey Throning on the Hills of Southern Indiana

C. J. DUESING*

Since I spent
Four blessed days with Thee, my thoughts are bent
On Thee and Thine, and retrospection fills
My worldly mind anew with hallowed thrills.
Thy scenic grandeur so pre-eminent,
Thy grounds, Thy walls, Thy spired monument,
God's PEACE writ in each face—it calms, it stills
All earthly turbulence; and when Thy Fold
Intoned GOD'S PRAISES in Thy wondrous shrine—
From holy lips the Holy Chant of old—
To deepest depth was stirred this heart of mine.
Thy gifts, St. Meinrad Abbey, were pure gold.
Speak, Sonnet, GRATITUDE—each word and line!

* EDITOR:—Returning home from his recent visit to the Abbey, Mr. Duesing wrote these lines of appreciation, which we take the liberty of passing on to our readers.

A Glimpse of Heaven

They cried one to another and said: Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of His glory.—Isa. 6:3.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"FATHER," exclaimed Ed Allen, who was helping Father Gilbert censure the next film to be presented in the hall, "you should have been to the 'movie' and the 'talkie' last night. It was almost heavenly."

Father was so taken off his feet that he couldn't help stopping the reel and even tearing the film. He finally ended his lecture to Allen by saying: "This is the very purpose of my censuring these reels—to keep my people away from those questionable public films."

"But, Father, I assure you that those I attended were absolutely above reproach. 'Heavenly,' I said while ago. Didn't I?" Such was Allen's vindication of himself.

Father Gilbert finally calmed down, but he added: "Don't use the word 'heavenly' in this connection. I should, however, like to call your attention to something that has a right to be termed 'heavenly.' It too is a 'talkie.'"

Allen smiled, wondering what might be in Father Gilbert's mind.

"To break your suspense," Father Gilbert proceeded, "I mean nothing less than the 'sanctus' of the Mass. The 'sanctus' is really a continuation of the preface. It would be quite in order for the priest to continue with the 'sanctus' in the tone of the preface. However, a dramatic touch is added by letting the people (the choir) take up the choral chant of the angels. In the preface that idea of uniting our voices with those of the angels is expressed. When the celebrant then comes to the quotation of the angels: 'Holy, holy, holy,' the people, so to say, interrupt him and take up the strain personally. Hence says St. John Chrysostom, 'On high the angelic choirs sing glory to the Lord, on earth after their example men sing in the Church the same canticle. In heaven the seraphim sing aloud the "thrice holy," on earth the same canticle resounds from the assembled congregation.'"

Allen shook his head. "I don't quite get you," he complained. "You always speak of the sameness of the 'sanctus' with the heavenly hymns. Where does the likeness come in?"

In the meantime several reels had been run through. "There," the priest suddenly exclaimed, "that scene must be cut out."

"Great Scot! Yes, Father, that is far from heavenly."

"But to come back to your question. The prophets were from time to time favored with the most enchanting visions; then again they had to witness the most shocking scenes. Now, of all the revelations of Almighty God to His servant Isaias, the Evangelist Prophet, the most striking was perhaps the view He was



SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS

pleased to give him of the mystery of His heavenly kingdom."

"A real picture of heaven?"

"Well, let us hear the prophet himself. 'In the year that King Ozias died (B. C. 758) I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and elevated; and His train filled the Temple. Upon it stood the seraphim; the one had six wings and the other had six wings; with two they covered His face and with two they covered His feet and with two they flew. And they cried one to another and said: *Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of Thy glory!*'"

"Why, the very 'sanctus,' isn't it, Father?"

"Yes, the first part, but with the omission of 'the heavens.' We, who are not in heaven as the angels are, make the addition. Thus we see that we are highly privileged by being allowed to incorporate into our service the very terminology ascribed to the angels during the execution of their ceremonies. The very shout of exultation that resounds through the abodes of eternity are reechoed here below in this vale of tears. The Jews were afraid to pronounce the holy name of 'Yahweh' (Jehovah) and we take the very words from the angels' lips to praise this 'Yahweh' with them. Should we be surprised therefore to find that in the early Church the 'sanctus' was held out as a great treat in store for the catechumens?"

"Let us stop the reel for a moment. We can't be doing two things at one and the same time."

"I am in for it, Father," Allen assented.

"Well, the exhortation of St. Gregory of Nyssa (d. about 395) gives us these words: 'Hasten to the baptismal font that you may enjoy the consoling privilege of uniting with the faithful in the canticle of the seraphim.' Of course you must realize that these Christians were so penetrated through and through with a lively faith that their mind was carried to heaven during the divine service. The 'sanctus' was for them, moreover, a profession of faith."

"Why, the 'sanctus' is a song."

Father Gilbert smiled good-naturedly. "Even so," he replied, "don't we see in the singing of the 'Star Spangled Banner' an enthusiastic outburst of patriotism?"

"I get you, Father."

"The 'sanctus' then," Father Gilbert pursued,

"proclaims aloud the holiness of God, the unity of God, and the trinity of the Divine persons, that mystery of mysteries. God is holy, thrice holy, whilst we are a thousand times unholy, guilty. God's holiness is stressed because in His holiness His other perfections shine forth most resplendently. Then, too, He is the very essence of holiness. In God's holiness we honor both His interior and exterior glory. However, His interior and uncreated glory is revealed to us in the works of the creation. Hence we add: 'Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.' St. Anthony, the hermit (d. about 356) was wont to say: 'I have a book that is always open before me: page one—the earth with its flowers, trees, plants, animals, etc.; page two—the sea with its immeasurable expanse; page three—the air with its swarms of life; page four—the heavens with its countless stars.' In all this the holy hermit saw God's glory. Truly for him 'heaven and earth were full of the glory of God.' I might mention too that the Greeks call the 'sanctus' 'Trisagion' (*tris*-thrice, *hagion*-holy)."

"If 'hagion' means holy, do they say: 'Hagion, hagion, hagion'?"

"Bravo, Ed. You are keener than I thought you were."

"Thank you, Father, for the compliment," Allen rejoined, whilst a tint of crimson flushed his cheeks.

"However," Father Gilbert resumed the explanation, "you are still a little off the track. The Greeks don't say: 'Hagion, hagion, hagion,' but 'Hagios, hagios, hagios.' This expression of course recalls another 'Trisagion.' On Good Friday, namely, the Church sings: 'Hagios ho Theos—Holy God.' The word 'hagios' is twice tripled, that is, it is chanted six times. This is a very old expression amongst the Greeks who still use it. It is certain that the Fathers of the Council of Chalcedon employed the exclamation. There is a legend current regarding the phrase."

"An interesting story, Father? I always welcome such," Allen encouraged.

"To be sure, it is interesting. A boy is said to have been raised into the sky for the space of about an hour whilst the emperor and the people of Constantinople were praying for preservation from an earthquake. The boy heard

the angels sing: 'Hagios ho Theos—O holy God.' When he came down to the earth, he told the people to repeat these acclamations, for thus they would be preserved from all harm. When he had delivered this message the boy suddenly expired."

"I just wonder whether this story is true," said Allen with some evident misgiving.

"Remember, I called it a legend," replied the priest by way of vindication. "Now," he continued, 'let us pass on to the second part of the 'sanctus.' This reads: 'Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.' These words are borrowed from Psalm 117, but are directly quoted from the Gospel of St. Matthew, where our Savior's triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday is described. Therefore this part of the 'sanctus' amounts to a jubilant greeting of the Savior. How appropriate is its use here shortly before the consecration when the same Redeemer is to make His appearance on the altar. As the Passion followed the triumphal march into Jerusalem, so the sign of the cross is made by the priest at the conclusion of the 'sanctus.' Another reason for the sign of the cross may be the fact that we have here a quotation from the Gospel. At Vespers when the 'Magnificat' is begun, we sign ourselves with the cross because of the Gospel connection."

"I understand the relation, Father, but that word 'hosanna' is a stunner," said the young man with a wrinkle in his brow.

"Well, being a Hebrew word, I shouldn't expect you to know it unless you were inspired from on high."

"Oh, Father, I haven't reached that stage of perfection."

"Well, listen then while I try to make the meaning clear to you. The literal signification of the Hebrew 'hosanna' is: 'Save (us) I beseech (Thee).' Therefore the term was originally a cry, a supplication, for help. But this primitive meaning was soon lost and is no longer clearly felt. It has become a joyous, jubilant exclamation signifying, 'hail, glory, praise to one.' In our Lord's time the expression had become such an interjection of triumph."

"Yes, but why not translate this word even into Latin as everything else is translated?"

"No, your objection is not valid. For good reasons the Church has retained a few Hebrew and Greek words in the Latin liturgy. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were the three languages that graced the inscription affixed to the cross above our Savior's head. Besides some terms, when preserved untranslated make a deeper impression. Not a few authorities would regard the first 'hosanna' as addressed to the Holy Trinity and the second as an acclamation to Jesus Christ."

"Father, you are always a stickler on the history of the liturgy. How long has the 'sanctus' been in use at the Mass?"

"So you regard me as a stickler. Well, let it go at that," Father Gilbert said somewhat demurely. "The 'sanctus' was introduced into the Mass at a very early date. The liturgies of both the East and of the West have it. St. Cyril of Jerusalem in his fifth instruction (347-348), and the Apostolic Constitutions mention the 'sanctus' in connection with the Mass. The *Liber Pontificalis* (book of Pontificals used by prelates) says Pope Sixtus I

In His Footsteps

MARGARET J. McCANN

Give me back my happy childhood;
Give me back my faith in man;
Take me back across life's bridges
Back across the years they span.

Let my heart be filled with goodness;
Let me think in terms of love;
Let my trust in human justice
Rest secure in God above.

Let me use each precious talent
As my Maker meant me to;
Let me learn again the good things
And forget the bad I knew.

Let my eyes behold the virtues;
Let my lips bespeak the truth;
Take me back again to childhood
To the innocence of youth.

Let my ears hear only praises;
Let my mind think high ideals;
Let me build them on the teachings
That my Savior's life reveals!

(119-128) ordained that the priest and people should sing the 'sanctus' together. Hence it must have been in use prior to that time. The Council of Vaisson (529) in Gaul ordered the 'sanctus' to be sung not only on solemn feasts but at every Mass, even in Lent and at funerals. Its limitation to solemn feasts was censured. The reason assigned is that this hymn is so sweet and delectable, even were it possible to say it day and night, it cannot cause weariness. Then again, in the Middle Ages the 'sanctus,' like the 'Kyrie,' was not rarely farced, that means, interpolated with other expressions. This, however, was an abuse and has happily disappeared altogether."

"Wouldn't it be edifying if the priest and the people would still say the 'sanctus' together as you remarked that Pope Sixtus ordained in his day?"

"Well, even later on, certain regulations as late as the eighth century observe that the priest united himself with the holy angels and with the people of God that all might sing with one voice the 'sanctus.' Still later, our present practice was regarded legitimate. The priest now always recites the 'sanctus' in a low tone while the choir continues it in song. One reason may be because of the elaborate compositions and long modulations with which the hymn has been embellished and which would consequently hold the priest back a long time from commencing the canon. Only a few of the present 'sanctus' tones are a continuation of the simple melody of the preface."

"Another thing," Allen pleaded—the film had been practically forgotten—"what is the purpose of the 'Sanctus' bell?"

"It is, as is evident, a warning to the congregation that the great and solemn part of the Mass is about to begin, the part in which the consecration is to take place. At this part of the Mass all distractions are to be banished. And right here I want to forestall another question. In some churches the so-called 'sanctus' or 'consecration candle' is lighted at this moment on the epistle side and burns till after the Communion. The candle denotes the Eucharistic Presence of the Lord and incites to faith in Him."

"Oh, Father, since you mention it, I recall

having seen this custom in our neighboring state. But why isn't it observed here?"

"It is true the rubrics call for the 'sanctus' candle, but it does not seem to be a matter of precept but rather of counsel. Note, too, the ceremonies observed by the priest: when the celebrant recites the 'sanctus' he bows to the cross, but he stands erect and signs himself with the sign of the cross at the 'benedictus'—blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Yes, the 'benedictus' offers another difficulty. Why does the choir sing it after elevation whereas the priest recites it before?"

"That's the regulation of the Church. The faithful thus express their greeting after the Eucharistic Lord's arrival. The priest, so to say, is a committee that goes out to meet the Guest before He enters the gates of the Temple."

"Not a bad thought, Father. What would be our thoughts and bearing during the 'sanctus.'"

"Your thoughts and bearing? Why, enter into the spirit of the occasion. Think of the angels in heaven; think of the Jews of Jerusalem, to bring your thoughts back to the altar. Don't we encompass the altar as the angels surround His throne? Do we not hail the coming of the Savior as did the Jews of old? Make the proper connection: Palm Sunday—Good Friday; 'sanctus—consecration.' Then let us think of our own unworthiness to share in these various scenes, and our heart will seem too full for utterance. But if we repeat the 'sanctus,' our expression of it will not be a mere lip movement but the mouth will speak of that of which the heart is full."

Both looked up and there was the reel showing a most comic scene. "Let us break up for to-night," moved Father Gilbert. "To-morrow is another day." And the meeting adjourned.

How many communicants neglect to make sufficient thanksgiving after having received the King's priceless Gift?

The *effort* in our striving for perfection is cut in half by the frequent and worthy reception of Christ in the Eucharist, because He helps to bear our burdens.

Unshaken Love

WINIFRED I. NYCE

Dearest Mother Angele:

I AM glad you received the wire and did not worry. I sent it with that intention, for I knew if you read of the wreck before you heard from me, you would be frantic.

We were about two hours from town when suddenly the train began going at a terrific rate of speed—a broken eccentric rod. We struck a derail and all cars, except our own, left the tracks. All was confusion for a while, but finally with the help of the uninjured, the injured were made as comfortable as possible until the relief train came. We found one poor woman literally pinned under the wreckage. We tried to release her, but she said she was "done for," and asked for a priest. There was not one on the train, so I went back to the dying woman to give her what encouragement I could, telling her I was a Catholic. She asked me to look after her little girl, a precious of about five, and unhurt, and see that she was put in a Catholic Home, as she had no people. Her husband died about six months ago. He was a non-Catholic, and though she had been married in the Church, he had broken the promises and she, not having the moral courage to stand up for her rights, had long ago ceased to practice her religion. She begged me to have the little girl baptized. I gave her a crucifix, and helped her make an act of contrition. Just before she died, she looked at me with tears in her eyes and said: "Little Girl, I pray God that you will have the strength to refuse the man you love, if he is a Protestant. It only brings misery on your soul and the souls of your little ones." Those were her last words—and, Mother dear, please pray for her.

Mr. Loring, a fellow passenger, was lovely to me when we reached town, and directed me to a reasonable hotel. I kept the little girl with me a few days; then took her to the Sisters of Charity.

I was fortunate in securing two lovely rooms near a Catholic Church. One of the rooms is large and airy, and will make an excellent room

for my kindergarten. I am so glad I may have it where I live, for it will save much time as well as expense. Mrs. Main, my landlady, introduced me to Father Bernard, and, with the aid of the good Father, I have already enrolled ten youngsters for the summer session.

Please do not be bored with these lengthy letters for though I am going to love it here, I don't know what I shall do without you for a "safety valve" when things go wrong, and sometimes very right. I simply will have to write.

Please pray for my dear little lady, and for me that I may have the strength she prayed for me, if I ever need it. All my love,—Josephine.

The following Sunday as Josephine was coming out of Church, she came face to face with Peter Loring.

"But how did you know where to find me?" she asked, giving him a smile of welcome.

"You did not think I would lose you? I have been out of town or I would have looked you up sooner. Let me take you to dinner, and show you the city."

After a delicious dinner at a quiet cafe, Josephine settled herself in the long low roadster with a deep sigh of content. The week had been so busy that she had given scarcely a thought to the needs of her body; and now, in this moment of relaxation, she felt suddenly weary, and, despite the presence of the man at her side, inexpressibly lonely in this city of strangers. Her thoughts went to Mother Angele, and the quiet life she had left to venture into the unknown. She suspected that Mother Angele had been disappointed when she announced her intention of teaching in Chicago. But Josephine, much as she would have liked to please the old Nun by beginning a kindergarten branch at the convent, could not quell the spirit of adventure within her. And though just now she longed for the sight of Mother Angele's kind face, and a bit of her sweet counsel, she was not sorry she had come.

Peter Loring must have divined something of

her mood for he kept the silence unbroken while he guided the car through the heavy traffic.

"How is the little girl, Miss Jarrell?" he asked finally.

"Faith? So splendid and such a dear. She misses her mother dreadfully, but when we told her she was with Daddy and Jesus, that seemed to satisfy her. Poor baby, she cannot realize her loss now. My parents died when I was three."

"And were they Catholic also?"

"Both. And I am more fortunate than Faith. I had dear Mother Angele. She is my father's sister, and the Mother Superior of Villa Maria. I have been there all my life. This is my first venture into the wide, wide world!"

"You are more fortunate than I in that respect. My father and mother are both non-sectarians, and I would have had no religious training at all if it had not been for my Aunt who is now a Catholic. I lived with her until—"

"Ah, then you are a Catholic too," exclaimed Josephine, giving him her hand as though sealing some sort of pact between them. Peter Loring opened his lips to make reply, thought better of it, and closed them again on Josephine's next words.

"It is so good to meet someone of my own creed and age. Mrs. Main, my landlady, is a Catholic of course, but she is so wrapped up in her own little family, she hardly knows I'm alive."

Peter laughed. "Age," he repeated, "why, compared with me, you are just a baby. I shall have to take care of you in the big city."

Josephine flushed. "You treat me like Faith! I'm twenty-three," she added indignantly.

"Are you?—you don't look it, and you do need a big brother, you know."

"When does your school open," he asked later when he left her at the door.

"To-morrow—the summer session."

"And may I take you to dinner Tuesday night?"

Josephine nodded happy assent.

The days sped on wings. Between long letters to Mother Angele, her work with the children, visits with Faith and evenings with Peter, Josephine found that she did not have time to get lonely. Peter was demanding more and more attention, as the summer grew, and Jo-

sephine was nothing loath to give it to him. His name became more and more frequent in her letters to Mother Angele, and the old Nun's heart ached with a fear that she would lose the girl, Josephine, to the woman, Josephine. One day late in August, Peter and Josephine took Faith for an outing—an outing that was crammed full of joy for Faith, but left Josephine sick at heart, for she and Peter came very near to a quarrel. They went to the zoo, and as they took the child from cage to cage to see the animals, the talk drifted to her mother.

"Poor little woman," said Josephine tenderly, "What her soul must have gone through, always seeking for some avenue of escape. I pray that her prayer for me will be answered, but I have no fears."

"Then, if the man you loved were a Protestant, you would not marry him?" questioned Peter.

"No, Peter, my Church would forbid."

"Not if he made the promises," Peter persisted.

"Then my conscience would forbid," answered Josephine.

"And you would let a little thing like that stand between you and the man you loved?"

"But, Peter, it would not be a little thing—to risk the greatest gift God has given us—the first of Faith for our own emotions."

"Then you don't think that love is a God-given gift?"

"Indeed, yes! but not so great as the gift of Faith, and I could never put the Lord aside for it, for if I did, the love would cease to be. But Peter, you are a Catholic too—surely you would not—?"

"I would go to any lengths for the woman I love," Peter replied.

The evening ended pleasantly enough, but the memory of that conversation lingered long with Josephine. It showed her a new side of Peter. Not the tender, care-free Peter who had grown so dear to her in the past months, but a hard Peter who would indeed go to any lengths. His eyes were bitter when he spoke those words, and Josephine could not erase their gaze from her soul.

She told Mother Angele about it, and the nun wrote to ask if Josephine's friend were indeed a Catholic. Josephine gave the letter to Peter,

and Peter asked, the old bitterness coming again to his eyes, "You trust me, don't you, Baby?" and again Josephine gave her hand as though sealing a pact.

In mid-September, Mother Angele received a letter which ended the hopes she had kept burning that Josephine would come back to her.

"Dearest Mother—

This is going to be just a wee note, for I am very tired, but I could not close my eyes before telling you of my happiness. Peter has asked me to be his wife, and I have told him 'yes.' I am so very happy! Peter wants me to abandon the school in January, but as I cannot do that we have set the wedding date for the day after school closes, which will be the fifteenth of May."

Not even the fact that Peter was not well could quell Josephine's spirits as the autumn days passed and brought her own happy day nearer. It was not until one Sunday just after Thanksgiving that she realized quite how wretched he was feeling. When they came from Mass, Peter asked her to excuse him that afternoon as he wanted to see the doctor. They had planned a gala dinner, and a visit with Faith, and it was so unlike Peter to break plans, that Josephine became alarmed. Peter laughed off her fears.

"It's just this beastly heart of mine—aching for you, sweetheart. I shall be all right—only the Doctor says I must go slow."

However, by the middle of December, Peter was so much worse that Josephine consented to close the school in January. As always she wrote of her plans to Mother Angele—

"Peter is out of town to-night, so I am going to take the opportunity of having a little chat with you. There has been a change of plans. We are to be married just before the Lenten season in February. I hated it at first, for I had planned a surprise visit with you Christmas, and now I can't have it; but Peter really does need me. He has not been well all fall, and the doctor says he must get out of this climate at once, and recommends a sea voyage. Peter positively refuses to stir one step without me, so I have consented to his plans. We will talk with Father Bernard to-morrow—Peter just called and is coming for me, so I will say 'bye,' as I want this to go to-night."

Josephine, a little bewildered and provoked that Peter should want to come at this time of night—it was nearly eleven—was waiting nevertheless when he drove up five minutes later. He opened the car door without a word, and Josephine got in with a queer tightening of her heart. By the light that streamed from the doorway, she had seen Peter's eyes—eyes that burned with bitterness, and a hurt so intense that Josephine could scarcely stifle the cry that rose to her lips. Peter did not say a word until they came to a little nook just off the main road. There he stopped the car, and taking Josephine's hands in his, searched her eyes.

"Peter," she whispered, "what—?"

"Baby, I wasn't called out of town. I lied to you about that. I have been trying to get the courage to tell you something. I—I—" his voice faltered, and the grip on her hands tightened until she almost cried with the pain. "I am not a Catholic."

What was he saying? dear Lord, help me, not a Catholic—NOT a Catholic!

"But Peter, you told me—why—"

"I didn't tell you, dearest. You just took it for granted after what I told you of Aunt Marge, and then after what you said, I couldn't tell you. I loved you too much."

What she had said—what had she said? Yes, and then he had said, "any lengths to get the woman he loved."—So that was what he meant. Ah, that Peter could do this to her! She put up her hands to stem the flow of words, but still he persisted—

"No, Baby, let me tell you. God knows I tried to tell you, time after time and could not. And then I thought I could get by with it, marry you in your own church and you need not know until it was all over, but God wouldn't let me. Jo, darling, you will marry me—your church is so beautiful—"

Wildly Josephine clutched at the straw of hope.

"Then Peter, perhaps you could be—"

"No, Jo, not that—I couldn't do that, but I would keep the promises—I swear I would keep them!"

And then out of her tortured brain, Josephine heard the echo of a prayer—"Pray God you will have the strength to refuse the man you love, if—"

"Peter," she whispered, "take me home."

Peter took her hands again, gently in his, but she drew them back.

"I couldn't, Peter. Please don't touch me, I am afraid of my weakness when you touch me, and I must be strong."

"You don't love me, Baby," said Peter, the bitterness creeping into his voice.

"Ah, my Peter, it is because I do love you that I must do this—" A sob caught in her throat. "I could not love you more if I loved my Savior less—if you love me, you will take me home *now*," she added piteously.

And Peter turned the car homeward. At the door she gave him her hand, and raising it to his lips, he kissed it reverently, tenderly.

"God bless you, sweetheart," he whispered.

* * *

Twice Marge Cartwright had walked the length of the convent parlor—now she stood looking out the open window. Impatiently she tapped her heel against the floor. She wondered if she were a fool to come on such a mission. She knew nothing of the girl, save she was Catholic; but Peter's letters—such adoring letters of her, and then this last heartbroken one—no, she must do what she could. Why didn't the girl come?—she was getting nervous, feeling not quite so sure of herself as she had earlier in the morning when crossing the Bay. Then it had seemed so easy—

A step behind her—and she turned quickly.

Framed in the doorway stood a slender girl, a serene sweet expression on the delicately featured face. The lips formed a puzzled smile of welcome.

Assurance came to Marge Cartwright in a great wave of relief. She could deal with this girl before her. The serenity bespoke patient suffering, and in spite of the smile that wreathed the lips, Marge, who had suffered also, read heartache in the blue eyes raised to meet her brown ones.

"I am Mrs. Cartwright—Peter Loring's Aunt Marge."

"You come from Peter?" asked the girl.

"Not from him, but rather for him. I wanted—"

"Mrs. Cartwright, pardon my rudeness, but I do not care to discuss Peter with you," replied Josephine and stepped to the door.

"Pardon *my* rudeness, Miss Jarrell, but you must hear me."

Gently she pushed the girl onto the couch, and sat beside her.

"Miss Jarrell, I know what Peter did—how, because of his love for you, he tried to make you believe him Catholic. But Peter really knew just enough of Catholicism to play the parrot when he went to Church. Peter lived with me about two years while his father and mother were abroad. When they returned and learned of my conversion, they took Peter from me."

"Do you know also, Mrs. Cartwright, what Peter was going to do—try to marry me in my own Church—"

Mrs. Cartwright laughed softly.

"Yes, poor boy. He knows now, my dear, that the Catholic Church guards her children better than that—that he could never have 'gotten by' with it, to use his expression."

Suddenly she laid a cool hand over Josephine's hot, restless ones.

"Ah, my dear, didn't you love him enough to forgive him that?"

Josephine bit her lips to still their trembling.

"It isn't a question of forgiveness. I have forgiven him long ago, because I love him, but Peter knows I could never marry a Protestant."

"Even I, who love him as a mother, would not ask that of you, Josephine, but just this do I ask. That you read this letter."

Mrs. Cartwright opened her bag, and handed Josephine a letter.

"It is from Peter," she said, and walked again to the window.

"Marge Dear:

You are an angel to offer me the house while you are away, but I mustn't take it. It is too close to Josephine, and I couldn't bear to be so close and yet not see her.

I know you will be glad to learn that I have continued the talks with Father Bernard through the winter and spring, and was received into the Church last night. I suppose you will wonder why I do not go to Josephine now. I cannot. I have never forgiven myself for making her love me under false pretenses, and by the very fact I tried so hard to win her, I have lost her. God knows I love her more than ever now that I see her viewpoint.

(Continued on page 67)

The Solemn Abbatial Blessing

A SOMEWHAT rare, yet attractive, ceremony of the Church is the solemn benediction of an Abbot, and his official installation in office. After the lapse of thirty-two years this inspiring ceremony was performed in the Abbey Church at St. Meinrad by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis, when Coadjutor Abbot Ignatius Esser, O. S. B., received the official blessing of the Church on May 7.

The day was perfect. A large congregation of the faithful, acquaintances, friends, benefactors, and relatives had assembled from the countryside, from near-by cities, and from

more distant points. Visiting clergy to the number of about 250, of whom by far the most were alumni of St. Meinrad Seminary, had also come to help us celebrate this family feast. And, as was remarked by some of the visitors, all seemed like one great family. Abbots Philip Ruggle, of Missouri; Paul Schaeuble, of Louisiana; Bernard Murphy, of Oregon; Martin Veth, of Kansas; and Edward Burgert, of Arkansas, were honored guests. These, together with a fair sprinkling of monsignori, and Bishop Chartrand, of Indianapolis, and Bishop Floersch, of Louisville, made up the dignitaries in attendance. The silver jubilee of



Photograph taken in wind and threatening storm immediately after the election on March 11. Seated from the (reader's) left to the right are Fathers Bede; Luke; Prior Columban; Abbot Philip Ruggle, who presided at the election; Abbot-elect Ignatius; Subprior Celestine; Benno, senior Father of the Abbey, who has seen four Abbots blessed for St. Meinrad Abbey; Basil. Standing in the second row are Fathers Odilo, Mark (with flowing beard), Anthony (with short beard), Vincent, Dominic, Francis, Clement, Andrew, Martin. To endeavor to designate the remainder would confuse the reader.

Abbot Bernard Menges, of Cullman, Ala., and the installation of Archbishop Beckman at Dubuque, both on the same day, prevented a larger number from coming.

The church was in gala attire, bedecked with streamers and banners and flags. Loudspeakers had been installed for the benefit of those who were far removed from altar and throne, as also for the overflow, the sacred edifice not being large enough to accommodate all who sought admission.

Before Mass a procession formed at the entrance of the Seminary. The students of both departments were clad in cassock and surplice, the brothers and clerics of the Abbey in sombre garb, the monks in cucullas (loose, flowing choir cloak), the secular clergy in surplice and biretta, the monsignori and the Bishops in purple.

Promptly at ten o'clock the services began. Bishop Chartrand celebrated the Pontifical High Mass, blessing the new Abbot according to the prescriptions of the Roman Pontifical, which directs that, before the Mass in which the benediction of an Abbot takes place, (1) the Abbot-elect be presented to the officiating Bishop, (2) the papal decree be read, which states that the Ordinary has the faculties to bless the newly-elected Abbot, (3) the *juramentum* or oath of office be administered, (4) the prescribed interrogations be read to the Abbot-elect, and that he make the proper responses. These preliminaries completed, the Mass begins and continues until after the Epistle. In the meantime, the Abbot-elect has vested in pontificals at a side altar, and, assisted by two Abbots in cope and miter, reads the prayers of the Mass simultaneously with the Bishop at the high altar.

The Epistle concluded, the Abbot-elect, with his two assistants, approaches the high altar, where the Bishop is seated. There he prostrates, face downward during the Seven Penitential Psalms and the singing of the Litany of All Saints. After this he kneels before the Bishop, who imposes hands upon him. The Bishop then presents him with a volume of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, according to which he has made his vows, and which he is to follow faithfully, besides seeing to it that his subjects observe its precepts. The crosier is next

blessed and given into the hands of the new shepherd. After this comes the blessing of the ring, which is placed on his finger.

The Mass now proceeds until after the Offertory, when the new Abbot goes to the throne on which the Bishop is seated, and there presents him with two large candles, two loaves of bread, and two small casks of wine. The beautifully ornamented candles, each as large as an Easter candle, were the gift of the firm of Will & Baumer, makers of candles.

From the Offertory on to the end of the Mass the Abbot-elect and his assistants knelt in the sanctuary, the former continuing to read the Mass prayers, as stated above, simultaneously with the Bishop at the altar. At the Communion of the Mass the Abbot-elect receives Holy Communion from the celebrant of the Mass.

The last blessing of the Mass having been given, the Bishop blessed and imposed on the new prelate the miter, blessed the gloves used in pontifical functions, then led the newly blessed Abbot to the throne in the sanctuary where the latter received the homage of the monks, whose pastor he had now been officially appointed by the Church. Whilst the *Te Deum* was chanting, the new prelate in full pontificals, accompanied by the assistant Abbots, passed down through the church bestowing blessings right and left on the kneeling faithful. When all was over, a procession formed and wended its way back to the Seminary. The clergy and a few of the invited guests, some 300 in all, assembled in the Seminary recreation hall, where they sat down to a wholesome repast, the seminarians serving as waiters. There were no toasts to prolong the session. From two to three in the afternoon the guests had an opportunity to exchange greetings with Coadjutor Abbot Ignatius in the College recreation hall, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion.

But to return to the celebration of the forenoon: The inspiring music of the Mass presented sufficient variety to break all monotony. With Father Stephen presiding at the organ, the chancel choir sang a *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, composed by Father Vincent Wagner, O. S. B., *Missa Te Deum Laudamus*, and the hymn, *Christum Regem*, by P. Yon. The latter was a

recessional or the closing number. The monastic schola sang the proper of the Mass in Gregorian chant. The Gregorian *Credo* and *Te Deum* were congregational.

The splendid sermon, which was delivered after the Gospel of the Mass by the Rt. Rev. John A. Floersh, D. D., Bishop of Louisville, closes this brief description. From beginning to end the beautiful ceremonies moved majestically, smoothly, without hitch or flaw.

BISHOP FLOERSH'S SERMON

Under the auspices of the solemn feast of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin and patron of the Universal Church, this venerable monastery of St. Meinrad receives a coadjutor to its Right Rev. Abbot, who is hereby given a well-merited relief from the heavy burdens that have weighed upon his shoulders these many years. The Rt. Rev. Abbot Athanasius may well rejoice that his work will be taken up by the strength, aggressiveness, endurance, and energy that go with younger years, whilst the Coadjutor Abbot, in assuming the burdens of office, will be encouraged to know that he will have the aid and experience of his elder principal's long and valuable life.

St. Joseph's patronage of the Church springs from the paternal care which he bestowed on his Divine Foster Son, Jesus Christ. The Church is the body of Christ, and St. Joseph watched over the body of Christ. In that hallowed household of Nazareth, St. Joseph guarded its prayer and work. The duties of an Abbot are similar in character to those of St. Joseph. The meaning of the very word Abbot is *Father*. He is placed over a chosen part of the Christian flock, which is like unto Christ in this that its members strive not only to follow his precepts, but to practice also his counsels of perfection. An Abbot is chosen to guide and watch over the work and prayer of those who have inscribed on their standard the motto "*Ora et labora*." An Abbot directs the temporal and spiritual interests of his large family.

Thus it becomes happily auspicious that on a day, when St. Joseph must be more lavish than ever with his powerful intercession, a servant of God assumes a part of the work that was entrusted to the sainted foster father of our Lord in all its fullness. Humanly speaking, we may

be permitted to entertain every fond hope that the guidance of the Abbot Coadjutor will be a fruitful one. Has he not been chosen by his colleagues, men who, by training and experience, are keen and vigilant students of human nature and the spiritual life? Whilst his election and approval by the Holy See are a pledge to the community that their monastery will have a capable and devoted superior, the Abbot in turn can enjoy the assurance of his community's best assistance, for he is their choice. He is one of your own, dear Fathers and Brothers of this Abbey; he has come from your own ranks; he knows you, and you know him.

To perfectly understand the significance of this morning's ceremony, it would be necessary to review the entire history of monachism, to record the struggle of its birth during the first centuries of the Church, before it became crystallized into an organic body; to recall the Fathers, Doctors, the Pontiffs and numerous Bishops which it has given to Christianity; to relate its prodigious growth and the invaluable service which it rendered, not only to the Church of Christ, but to humanity at large. Volumes would be required to narrate all of its achievements. No field of human endeavor that is compatible with the religious life, has failed to profit by its untiring labors.

Who does not recall what it has accomplished in the field of agriculture. Think of the thousands upon thousands of acres of forests that it has cleared and converted into fertile farms and productive gardens. Think of the marshes it has drained, of the rivers it has spanned, of the roads it has built, and of the vast spaces of wilderness it has converted into so many earthly paradises. Recall the priceless service it rendered to the cause of education, both in the Middle Ages, when it occupied the position of civilization's chief educator, and for modern times by the preservation of sacred and classical literature. It may truthfully be said that present day civilization is indebted to the labors of monastic copyists, not only for sacred writings, but for practically all that survives of the secular literature of antiquity. Visit the ruins of monasteries that dot the countries of Europe; visit the museums of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and you will be astounded at the wonderful work of the monks:

in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in metal works, and all the allied trades of building and ornamentation. From the very first the monks reggraded it as their primary duty to keep up the official prayer of the Church. This work, the "opus Dei," had precedence over all his other occupations. To it everything yielded, both in importance and in the curriculum of his day's activities. To him the Church owes much for the development of her chant and sacred liturgy. Like Moses, he has stood on the mountain top with hands uplifted to God, while her missionaries have mingled among the people, preaching to them the truth of Divine Revelation and ministering to their spiritual needs. Although he was not primarily a missionary, he has not been without merits also in this field, and merits, indeed, of the highest order. Monasteries, being, as they were, living patterns of Christian society, proved to be by their word and example veritable apostles of the nations of western Europe.

Who will not recall Columba in Scotland, Augustine in England, Boniface in Germany, Ansgar in Scandinavia, Swithbert and Willibrord in the Netherlands, Rupert and Emmeran in middle Europe, Adalbert in Bohemia, Gall and Columban in Switzerland—all monks, who by the example of a Christian society, which they and their companions displayed, led the nations among whom they lived from paganism to Christianity and civilization. And in all the varied activities of monasticism, who will be able to recount the part played by the Benedictine Order in its thousand years and several additional centuries of silent labors.

Is it not true that monachism at large owes a big debt to St. Benedict of Nursia, that master mind of Monte Cassino, who, with a practical genius, a clear insight into what was required for the needs of Western Europe, what was suited to the custom and climate of the West, gave to his followers and disciples of future generations a rule of life that St. Gregory the Great could truthfully point to with pride as a document "remarkable for its wisdom."

But why go so far back, why enumerate the age-old merits of monasticism, why sing its praises of by-gone days, when near at hand and around us we can observe and admire the work

of one of their institutions, this venerable Abbey of St. Meinrad. Behold what the members of this monastery have done for this part of Indiana. Look at the zealous and native clergy they have trained and educated for the Diocese of Indianapolis. Behold the love they have inspired, by their example, for the sacred liturgy and chant of the church. Who can overlook their teeming printing presses and their initiative in widening among student circles the love of our foreign missions. Gladly do I avail myself of this occasion to give testimony of their work on behalf of the diocese assigned to me by the Providence of God. Louisville owes them a large debt of gratitude for the many members of its clergy that came forth from the halls of this seminary. In all earnestness do I add my prayers to those of all gathered here; for unto this monastery are entrusted, during the precious years of their seminary life, many of my aspirants to the priesthood, young men that are, and should always be, a Bishop's crown. They are spending the years of their spiritual retirement and preparation in this, their Nazareth, before entering upon their public life of blessing in our portion of Christ's vineyard.

Christ calls Himself the Light of the World. Simeon foretold that He would be a "light to the revelation of the Gentiles." Of the light which men now produce, that of electricity takes the first place. We think of the large centres from which is sent forth the electrical current that illumines whole cities far distant. With justice we may be permitted to look upon this monastery, with its prayerful members and its seminary, as one of the power houses of the Holy Spirit, who through its agencies contributes to the spiritual enlightenment of a wide portion of Holy Church.

I dare not undertake to enter into the responsibilities and demands that will be placed upon the Abbot of to-day's blessing in relation to his immediate subjects. They are embraced in the earnest words of the first prayer offered in this ceremony—"that God may vouchsafe unto this His servant that, by preaching and doing such things as are proper, and by the example of good works, he may instruct the souls of his subjects." Into his hands is placed the staff of government, guidance, and rule. He accepts the ring of a pledged troth, to stand

in battle for the souls entrusted to him, for God's honor and glory. As a warrior, the helmet of strength is put on his head, the crowning mitre with its horns of both Testaments.

The care of the Roman Pontiffs in recent years has particularly been directed to the seminaries. It is the most important work of the Church, for as the pastors, so their flocks, and as the seminary, so the pastors. This is what endows this ceremony with exceeding importance and adds warmth and energy to our pleas to the throne of God for the Abbot, for in his ultimate direction is vested the fostering care bestowed upon our coming pastors. During the formative years of their seminary life, he is their foster father. To him the Bishops entrust their most valued charges, their future priests.

The cruel calumny of idleness hurled by the enemies of the Church, in other times, against monasteries, is not repeated even in a whisper in our land and in our day. Even the slightest acquaintance with them and their activity affords an overwhelming evidence of tireless work for the spread of the Gospel and for the good of the country. For in generously giving to God the things that are God's, they have never failed to give also to Caesar the things that make for true and devoted citizenship.

Let me, dear Father Abbot, in the name of all here gathered, and in the words of the Church's prayers of this solemn blessing, wish you perseverance in doing good, patience in tribulations, steadfastness in adversities; may you be ever vigilant as the watchman on the tower, and may you combine humility of spirit with your lofty dignity. May God guide your steps in the ways of peace and justice. May He grant you discretion

together with an inexhaustible fount of hope. May He endow you with a treasure of wisdom, whence to dispense the new and the old, so that when the figure of this world will for you have passed away, and you will appear before the Tribunal of the Almighty, you may receive the "centesimus fructus," the hundredfold fruit. May the years of your work be many; you may be a solace to Abbot Athanasius, and a source of joy to all the members of your Community.

Unshaken Love

(Continued from page 62)

I am leaving on the sixth for New York, where I will sail for France. We are opening a new branch in Paris, and I have volunteered to take charge.

Best wishes for your trip and pray for—Your devoted nephew."

When Josephine looked up from the letter, eyes brimming, she found Marge at her side.

"To-day is the third, Josephine."

"I will go—to-night," whispered the girl.

Oh, could we but see with what alacrity sin recedes at the coming of the Sinless One!

Fervor is not measured like fever—with a thermometer.



(To reader's left) Rt. Rev. Fidelis de Stotzingen, O. S. B., Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order on his visit to the United States in 1926; F. Lambert; F. Ignatius, now Coadjutor Abbot. (To right) Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt (with beard), Abbot of St. Meinrad Abbey; Very Rev. Subprior Celestine; F. Henry, Master of Novices.

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER X—MATTERS OF STATE

IT was nearly night when the little party reached Canterbury with the body of the beloved King Ermenred, and they marched slowly, with heavy hearts. All the chief men of the kingdom were there; the Princes Ethelred and Ethelbright rode nearest to the bier; Erconbert and Egbert rode just behind them, and no man durst speak that day to the brother of the dead man.

The setting sun shone through a haze of purple and crimson as the procession came to the city gates where it was awaited by the Archbishop, and the monks of Augustine's monastery, with sorrowful faces and solemn chants. At a sign from Erconbert they took the head of the procession as far as the Cathedral, and entering in they sang a dirge for the dead king. The Archbishop celebrated the Solemn Mass of Requiem at daybreak, and then, after the people had passed slowly by to take their leave of him, King Ermenred "The Good" was laid to rest in the shadow of the shrine of his ancestor, Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent, and his French wife, St. Bertha.

Then Erconbert and Egbert brought the Princes to Theodore the Archbishop, beseeching his counsel, for the boys were of tender age. Moreover, they shrank from the honors and duties of kingship, for their minds were much given to learning and prayer, in which things Adalbert, their tutor, had encouraged them with all his might. The Archbishop received them kindly and spoke to them separately, but they were united in requesting him to permit them to pass the kingly dignity over to Erconbert, "For," said Ethelred, "I am a boy still, and the times are wild. How should I be able to protect my people? It is better for them to have a man to reign over them." And Ethelbright, lifting up his clear blue eyes to the Archbishop's face, said, "If it please you, my Lord

Archbishop, make of me a monk, for a king I am unfit to be."

Theodore blessed them and sent them away. Then he went out to Erconbert and Egbert, and the thanes and earls and the people that waited in the great square before the Abbey, and he spoke to them at length concerning the goodness and piety of the dead king, and of the learning and wisdom of the young Princes, his sons, and told how they had desired him to give the kingly dignity into the hands of Erconbert. His voice faltered as he spoke the name of the beloved King, of his virtue of charity, and love of peace, and loyalty to Holy Church, and called upon all those present to pray earnestly for the repose of his soul. There followed a moment's silence. Theodore looked keenly around him at the assembled people as though he would fain read their assent to the thing he had determined was best to be done. Then he turned to Erconbert and asked him formally:

"Do you accept the name, and the office, and the labor of King?"

And Erconbert answered him, "In the name of God, I accept the charge, my Lord Archbishop, and I beg that you, and all men, will pray for me, for the burden of a King is no light matter."

Then Theodore stretched out his hand, and took hold of the hand of Erconbert and led him back into the Cathedral, and the people trooped in after them, the thanes and earls leading the way and the rest following them, and the mighty building was thronged with people that day, and many of those who could not gain admittance waited without for the hallowing of their new King.

The sun streamed in gloriously through the windows of the Cathedral as Erconbert, kneeling before the altar, swore by the Holy Rood to rule his people with justice, and defend them against their enemies. And when he had made an end of his kingly oath, the Archbishop led him to the King's throne where he sat facing

the altar, while he was anointed with the holy oil, and the crown of Kent was set upon his head, and the sceptre was given into his hand by Theodore the Archbishop. And all the people shouted, and cried, "God save the King!" so that those who were without knew that Erconbert was indeed hallowed King, and with one voice they also cried, "Amen!" and the thanes clashed shields until the church rang with the strange music, for the Saxons were a nation of warriors, and their kings were the leaders of their armies.

But Egbert stood at the right hand of his father, and when all things were done in order, the Archbishop came and knelt to the new King and promised fealty, and swore before God and the Church to be true to the King in all civil matters. And the King raised him up, and gave him the kiss of peace, and set him at his left hand to be his counsellor.

After him came Egbert, kneeling also, with his hands between the hands of the King his father, and Erconbert laid his hand upon his son's head in blessing, and he kissed him and set him upon his right hand, and the thanes clashed shields again, and cried, "Long life to the noble Lord Egbert!"

Then came the long line of thanes and earls, kneeling first to the altar, and then to the Archbishop, and lastly to the King, and putting their folded hands between the King's hands, they likewise swore to be his men. From time to time Egbert glanced at the waiting throng and it seemed to him that they would never be done, and they came slowly and steadily until Erconbert was wearied, for they had left Reculver early on the previous day, and they had kept guard through the night beside the body of King Ermenred, and the quickness of his taking, and the speedy hallowing of the new King had not permitted them to rest.

Thunor advanced in his turn, bowing neither to the altar, nor to the Archbishop, at which some murmured, but he knelt to swear fealty like the rest, only that he swore by Odin, instead of by the Rood, to keep faith with Erconbert, and none heard the words of his oath save only the King, and Egbert and the Archbishop, and Hereward who stood behind him, waiting to kneel in his place when he should be finished.

Hereward knelt in the same place immediate-

ly and swore to keep faith with Egbert's father, and the King raised him and gave him the kiss of peace, saying, "Now you are truly a thane of Kent."

And Hereward answered him, "Aye, truly, for my heart is in Kent, and while a man lives he and his heart cannot well be parted."

Erconbert smiled as he turned to the next, but Thunor had chanced to overhear the thane's words, and he laid them up against him for a day of revenge. And men still came in a long line, one after another, warriors of mature age, and youths as yet untried; the veterans of a hundred battles, and boys who had yet to see their first combat, and all came with slow, deliberate words, and the intense gestures of men in deadly earnest. The King was weary when the last man had sworn fealty. There was a momentary pause, and then an usher cried,

"Make way for the Princes Ethelred and Ethelbright!"

The Archbishop raised his head; he appeared to have forgotten them. It may be that he purposely left them until the last, but they also desired to prove their loyalty to their father's brother, and had come to make oath like the rest. Tears sprang to the King's eyes and he rose hastily, nor would he suffer the boys to kneel, as even the Archbishop and Egbert had done, but, standing, with one hand in the hands of each of the princes, he received their pledges, promising them in return safety and maintenance.

And, the ceremony being now ended, he descended from his throne, and holding the two boys by the hand, he led them to the great hall of King Ethelbert's palace which was now the chapter room of the monastery, and there the monks served the King and his thanes, and the earls who had come there that day to witness the hallowing of the King, for the afternoon was drawing on and they had not as yet broken their fast.

It happened that it fell to the share of Brother Hugh to wait upon Egbert, for he also had been present at the hallowing of the King. Egbert greeted him freely, as his friend of the road, and drew the King's attention to him.

"Thus is fulfilled the first part of your prophecy," said the King as he bent to raise the

old man. "Kneel not, Brother, it befits neither your years nor condition."

Brother Hugh raised his head. "The word was not spoken to you," he said sharply.

"Nay, but my brother told me of it, and though we could not guess their import then, 'the King shall die,' hath come true already, and, 'the King shall die,' is like to be again fulfilled ere long, for I am now long past middle life."

"May God forbid! May your years be many, and happy. Yet, and when your hour shall come, may it find you ready."

"Amen!" responded the King fervently, and for a few moments he was silent, then he turned to Brother Hugh again: "You are from Scotia?" he asked.

Brother Hugh bowed. "I am from Scotia," he said, "and in my youth I was a soldier and served the noble Chief Duncan."

"So I heard. 'Twas pity he fell, a noble chief, a brave man, and a good Christian."

"Yet, at the end 'twas but the last that availed him."

"'Tis thus with us all. May we all so end! Pray for me, Brother."

"We do that daily. May Heaven strengthen you, and give you a peaceful and happy reign," he added. And bowing again, he departed.

Erconbert sat silent for a little while and

then he remembered that a King can have no private griefs. "Let the minstrels sing us a brave song," he said, and the chief of them all sang the song of Duncan. But when he rehearsed the tragedy of the lonely death of the great chief at the hands of a murderer, a hiss of execration ran around the hall. After the song Thunor rose, and requested leave to depart with all speed for Eastry, pleading that he had left the palace unguarded, and some natural anxiety for the safety of the Lady Alfrida.

"You will not set forth to-night," objected Erconbert. "The lady is safe under the care of Adalbert, and nothing can chance to the household with Winfred to look to its defence."

"My mind misgives me, Erconbert. I would not tarry."

"Do as you will. I had thought to send our nephews back with you, but the lads are weary and must rest first. I would not tear them thus soon from their father's new-made grave neither."

The thane bowed haughtily and strode away with scarcely a salute to the assemblage. To many it seemed that the happening boded evil for the new King and his people, but Erconbert made a sign for the harpers to begin again, and the incident was soon forgotten, though Hereward remembered it in after days.

(To be continued)

When the Lafayettes were Young

EDITH TATUM

IN the history of every country there is enshrined in the hearts of the people some favorite character who is venerated and beloved as a hero or heroine, and at whose feet succeeding generations lay offerings of devotion and crown with laurel leaves. It is something rare, however, to see the people of a great country unite in honoring the memory of a foreigner as America to-day honors that of a Frenchman,—the Marquis de Lafayette.

But he is justly entitled to our love and respect, for seven years of his youth were spent in our service; he freely endangered his life and lavished his fortune in furthering the cause of American freedom. Not only for what he

did for the United States, however, but as an historical and character study, his life is one of unusual interest. Belonging to the French nobility, yet with an inborn love of liberty, he took a leading part in four revolutions; forced to fly from France with a price on his head, he languished for five years in an Austrian prison, where his wife and daughters kept him company; he refused to be honored by the great Napoleon, and is said to have refused the crown of Belgium.

His life was full of stirring events, of adventures, of war with quiet intervals of peace; and all through it, brightening the dark places, there runs like a silver thread, the exquisite

story of his love. It is like the motif in some wonderful symphony, where through the crash and storm of martial music there sounds one perfect strain of pastoral sweetness, continually recurring until it dominates the whole.

The light of historical research has been turned full upon the life of Lafayette, and it seems strange that the woman who for thirty-four years was his guiding star should be allowed to sink into oblivion—that none of the devotion which a grateful people lavish upon Lafayette should include her. She too was the friend of America. Her quaint letters to Washington breathe it on every page. Full of ardor and enthusiasm for the cause she loved—"because he whom she loved, loved it"—Madame Lafayette sacrificed her own feelings and bade her boy-husband God speed in his brave adventure across the seas.

After all, her's was the truest heroism, for her's was the uncertainty, the inactivity, the maddening waiting,—the silent battlefield of the heart where the fight is waged without aid of martial music or the acclaim of the multitude.

Literature has been inundated with sketches of the brilliant women of that period who sought the notoriety of a public career; but it took more than half a century to unveil the exquisite life and character of Adrienne de Noailles, "*La femme Lafayette*," as she so proudly styled herself during the dark days of the Deluge.

As a child the Marquis de Lafayette came often to the Hotel Noailles with his guardian, M. de Segur. The Duc and Duchess d'Ayen kept open house, and the motherly duchess opened her heart as well to the orphan boy. The Hotel de Noailles, one of the most splendid of the Parisian palaces of that day, was noted for its beautiful gardens. There were innumerable beds of gorgeous flowers between which wound devious walks bordered with quaintly clipped hedges. It was an ideal place for exciting games of hide and seek. One can imagine Adrienne and her sisters coaxing the timid red-haired boy to play with them. Louise was the eldest of the five sisters; Adrienne, then about ten years of age was the second one. Madame d'Ayen's small niece, Mlle. Saron, was often

with them. So there was plenty of childish fun and frolic.

At this time the young Lafayette was attending the College of Louis le Grande in Paris, and his guardian, M. de Segur, was occupying himself with plans for the boy's future. He had been left with a large fortune, which wise management had greatly increased, and being of the old nobility all doors were open to him.

Now the Noailles were one of the proudest and most influential families in France—older and more princely than the Lafayettes. It occurred to M. de Segur that one of the charming daughters of the Duc and Duchess d'Ayen would make an ideal match for his ward. After the custom, without mentioning the subject to the boy himself, he made a formal offer to the Duc d'Ayen in the name of the Marquis de Lafayette for the hand of either of his elder daughters, Louise or Adrienne, neither of whom was yet twelve years old. This offer pleased the Duc mightily on account of the position and independent fortune of the young man, and also because of the promise he gave of a clean and honorable manhood. The Duc himself occupied a high position at the corrupt court of Louis Fifteenth and saw enough of the gilded youth of France to make him realize the seriousness of finding suitable husbands for his daughters.

With great satisfaction, therefore, he made the matter known to his wife, and to his amazement met with a prompt refusal. Henriette d'Augusseau, Duchess d'Ayen, was a remarkable woman in many respects, and her objection to young Lafayette was characteristic of her—he was much too wealthy! Convent reared as she was, with a distrust of riches and worldliness, she appeared at court only when stern necessity demanded it; she lived as quiet and retired a life as was possible for a grande dame of that day, and devoted herself exclusively to the care and education of her children. It seemed to her anxious mother heart too great a risk to subject either of her young daughters to the dangers of too much wealth combined with youth and unformed character. But the Duc and M. de Segur would not take as final her vehement refusal, so at last she consented, though she stipulated that the young couple should spend the first two years of their mar-

KNIGHTHOOD N

The Knight

Placidus Hof, O. S.

OF old knight-errants reined their groomed, caparisoned steed
To festive joust and tournament for ephemeral fame—
Before the lords and ladies there to blaze their name,
And reap loud plaudits for their gallant feat of arms
Or win as coveted meed for dextrous, daring deed
A maiden's unringed hand, whose virgin, chastening charms
And love, just kindled, gleaming through bright, beacon eyes,
Had won their hearts—each victor—with a life-long prize.
Yet to the noblest, bravest must he reckoned be,
Who, spurning all of earth, sought but the Grail in purity.

Knighted

BEFORE his liege a
youth on bended
knee
Awaits the answer to his
heart-made plea—
That he be worthy found
—be made
God's peerless knight by
accolade.
Whilst ardent lips upon
the sword hilt seal
His proffered vow—to
seek earth's highest
weal—
His joy-lit eyes, en-
tranced, look up
To glimpse the visioned
Sacred Cup.



FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL COVER DESIGN

With Sword

AS the lark, oblivious
of what 'neath it
lies,
Soars singing up into the
ethereal skies,
Our knight keeps e'er be-
fore his soul
His quest with its exalted
goal.
His sword, Excalibur's
most doughty son,
Through tyrant oft its
bloody course will run,
And clear a spot in pagan
land
Where victory's sign, the
Cross, may stand.

The Grail

TO him alone, who overcomes, the Lord will give
The promised guerdon for intrepid, faithful moil,
A diamond set by God's own hand in golden foil.
Now, weary of the sapping strife, the pains, and gore,
The knight upon his staggering steed scarce cares to live.
His quest is vain.—Lo! light comes to his eyes once more,
For through a cloven rock a stately peak he spies,
A battlemented castle, whose proud parapet defies
Each knight, save one, who, sinless, comes to guard the Cup,
The chalice used when Jesus with His Twelve did sup.

D N PRIESTHOOD

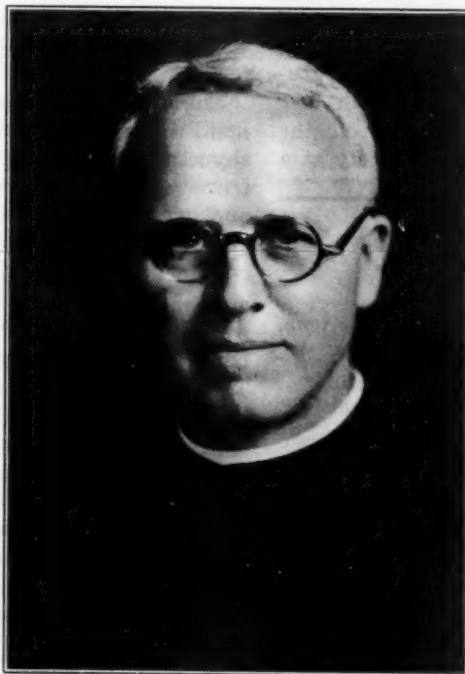
acidus of, O. S. B.

The Monk

"If thou wouldst happy, perfect be, leave all thou hast,"
The Master saith to willing souls, "then, follow Me."
A gratuitous exchange—earth for eternity!
The Master's voice a western youth in earnest heeds,
For, severing all the shackling ties that bind men fast
To earth, retarding him upon the way that heavenward leads,
He seeks admission to St. Benedict's ancient school,
Where soldier saints are formed according to his Rule;
Where, steadfast, poor, obedient, pure, each strives with zest
To reach perfection's summit with its God-crowned crest.

Ordained

To be St. Benedict's
son, to bear his
name,
Is half the prize for which
our soldier came.
A nobler crown his ton-
sured head
Doth grace, for in Christ's
stead
The bishop lays in acco-
lade his hand
Upon him, and enrolls him
in the band
Of "Other Christs" who
daily raise
The Cup in sacrifice and
praise.



THE EDITOR OF THE GRAIL

The Chalice

E MOLUMENT divine! To touch the Sacred Cup,
The golden Heart that holds Christ's living, Sacred Blood,
The wellspring of our soul's rejuvenating flood,
In torrents flowing from each altar Calvary!
To change the bread and wine to Christ, and offer up
For sin Christ's new-born, newly slain Humanity!
To be the staff on which Omnipotence doth lean
When working miracles of love in hearts, unseen!
If nought but sinless souls, O Christ, Thy Cup may see,
Make pure Thy chosen one by daily touch with Thee.

With Pen

Christ:

"GO, teach the na-
tions all, the
way to life,
And for this noble, hell-
defrauding strife
You have my own eternal
word,
More potent than a two-
edged sword,
That cleaves in twain
proud, obstinate, selfish
hearts,
To darkened, blinded
minds true light im-
parts.
For, though your tongue
be still, your pen
Shall be a torch of truth
for men."

ried life at the Hotel de Noailles where she might have them under her care.

Soon after this arrangement had been satisfactorily made, the hand of the eldest sister, Louise, was asked for her cousin the Vicomte de Noailles, son of the Marechale de Mouchy, famous as Mme. l'Etiquette at the court of Marie Antoinette. It was at Louise's wedding that Adrienne was told of the proposals of M. de Lafayette and her excitement and delight were intense.

Afterwards in referring to this time, she wrote: "I was already attracted by feelings, forerunners of that deep and tender affection which every day has united us more and more."

One can imagine the first meeting after the betrothal. It probably took place in the beautiful gardens of Adrienne's home, with her governess, Mlle. Marin, or perhaps even the Duchess d'Ayen herself playing propriety at a

kindly distance. The world must have smiled tenderly upon the young lovers that rare morning. The almonds were likely budding into softest tints of jade; tulips and daffodils made brilliant spots of color in the tender green of the well-kept lawns, and the fragrant spring winds showered their path with snowy blossoms.

All Adrienne's rich nature budded forth with the spring flowers in the impetuous feeling which attracted her toward her boy lover. Child though she was, Lafayette had possessed himself entirely of her heart,—“that constant heart which was his, and his only to its last beat.” Not only did she love him, but she loved him with a delicacy and a passionate ardor peculiar to herself.

She must have been a dainty, adorable little maid at this time, with a mixture of dignity, shyness, and coquetry most intoxicatingly attractive to the young marquis. And how grand and brave-looking she thought him in his gorgeous musketeer's uniform!

He was, just now, page to Marie Antoinette and enrolled in the king's musketeers. He formed part of that “frivolous little coterie to which the whim of Marie Antoinette was law.” They spoke of him jestingly as “the great boy with the red hair.” He danced badly and was afflicted with a certain awkwardness which followed him through life. It is easy to imagine with what temptations a young boy would be surrounded in the French court at that time. But to Lafayette's everlasting credit be it related, he is one of the few shining characters of history about whom no scandal has been unearthed.

In 1774, on the eleventh of April, when spring flowered and flourished in the quaint old garden, Adrienne and the young Marquis were married. He was, at the time, sixteen years and eight months of age and she was fourteen years and six months. As had been agreed, they remained at the Hotel de Noailles, the Duchess insisting that they were much too young to have an establishment of their own.

It was on the fifteenth of December, 1775, that their little daughter Henriette was born and their happiness made complete. Little more than children themselves, they both adored the small morsel of humanity which

Unto these Least

MARY ELIZABETH BUCKLEY

The glory of the evening sun was on the little town,
And over all the trees was flung
A shimmering veil of green and gold;
The hills seemed carpeted with velvet,
Dotted here and there with violets and pansies
Grouped around expectantly;
The singing of the wind was sweet and low,
As if to herald that One drawing near;
The market place was decked as for the Paschal feast;
And then
The whisperings of the multitude were hushed—
The radiance of the setting sun was dimmed,
As down the road the Master came,
And blessed them as He walked.

“O Lord!” The Master heard.
Weary with love, He paused:
“Who calleth? And what wouldst thou have of Me?”
His voice, soft as a brooding dove, like music fell
On weary, broken hearts and made them whole again.
“Here, Lord, am I—I, who have sat in blackest night,
Through endless ages with no hope of day!
Make me to know Thee,
Let me feel Thy touch and hear Thy voice;
Then, though my eyes be darkened, I shall see!”

.
All pain and care and weariness were gone;
The sun's last vivid rays were over all;
The Master's hands were laid upon the blind man's
eyes,
And lo! he saw.

was to them a new and delightful plaything. Adrienne made a charming little mother; within her heart were depths of love so inexhaustible that to every call upon her, whether as daughter, wife, or mother, she responded by an unquestioning devotion and self-forgetfulness.

This was a period of unalloyed happiness in the lives of the young Lafayettes. If only the years could have held back and left them in peace a little longer! But Destiny was knocking at their door; the sound of marching men was in the air and faint and far from across the sea sounded a bugle calling to arms.

It was the following year, 1776, and Lafayette was away with his regiment—some say at Metz and some say Strassburg—at any rate, the old Marshal de Broglie was giving a dinner party to the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the English king. Now the duke hated King George and he was entertaining the French officers with an account of the struggle of the American patriots for freedom. The affair of the tea chests particularly, appealed mightily to the emotional young Frenchmen. Lafayette, fired with enthusiasm, is said to have jumped to his feet exclaiming, —

"I will join the Americans! I will help them fight for freedom! Tell me how to go about it!"

Later he talked to Franklin, Arthur Lee, and Silas Deane on the subject, and they honestly tried to dissuade him. The Duc d'Ayen was furious. Aside from the fact that the Noailles were of the old regime, was the consideration of poor little Adrienne. She was at this time in a serious state of health. Adoring her young husband as she did, her parents naturally feared the consequences, should he leave her and upon such an undertaking.

But in spite of her youth and intense love for Lafayette, Adrienne was no clinging vine. She came of hero blood and her heart was in the cause of American liberty; she was one with Lafayette in this as in all else. Her family and his friends did all in their power to persuade the hot-headed youth of nineteen to abandon his mad project; the king forbade his leaving France and even ordered his arrest, but to no avail. At his own expense he fitted out a vessel, *The Victory*, summoned a few friends to join him, left France in the disguise of a post

boy, and sailed from a Spanish port for America. He was two months on the way, which time he occupied in studying English.

His charming letters were a source of great comfort to Adrienne, though it was an equal grief to her that by some cruel trick of fate her letters failed to reach him for many dreary months. Her fearful suffering and anxiety can scarcely be painted, but her loyalty and devotion to him never wavered even for a moment. During his absence their little girl Henriette sickened and died and a second daughter was born to them. Adrienne was very ill and crushed with sorrow but she tried to conceal her grief from her family lest they should blame her absent husband for causing it. When he was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, the news of it was kept from her by her anxious family, and the first she knew of it was from

The Voice of the Wind

SR. M. AGNES

Hush! wild wind, your voice is grating.
Hush! my heart is glad, dilating.
Overhead the sky is darkling;
Just one silver streak is sparkling.
Stop! Oh, stop! your weird, low moaning
And that sudden shriek and groaning.
Why should you my dreams encumber?
Why disturb my happy slumber?
Who are you? The wind moaned louder:
"Yoooh! ooh! ooh! ooh!"

Hush! wild wind! Oh, sigh no longer.
My glad soul grows faint, not stronger,
When you whisk by, spurt and splutter;
Wailing that drear dirge you utter
With its message, deep, uncertain;
Wrapped in starless, sable curtain.
Why, I ask, do you beguiling,
Steal away my dreams all smiling?
Who are you? The wind moaned louder:
"Yoooh! ooh! ooh! ooh!"

Then, the angels, countless number,
Touched my eyes; again sweet slumber!
And in dreams I saw wings glistening,
Heard the hush of winds and listening,
Heard your wailing then decrease
And my joy of soul release.
It was springtime, wind and willow
Played about my downy pillow.
Who are you, wind? It moaned softer:
"Yoooh! ooh! ooh! ooh!"

his own letter in which he made very light of the whole affair.

From Valley Forge in the depths of a cruel winter he wrote with boyish ingenuousness: "My presence here is more necessary to the American cause than you can possibly conceive . . . General Washington would feel very unhappy if I were to speak of quitting him; his confidence in me is greater than I dare acknowledge on account of my youth."

It was two years from the time Lafayette left France until he returned and appeared suddenly and unexpectedly before his wife. The joy of his presence was inexpressably great; but Adrienne was to learn to her sorrow that these transient seasons of bliss were to be bought by intervals of agonizing suspense. Plan after plan engaged Lafayette's attention; his whole life at this time was employed in efforts to advance the republican cause at home and abroad.

On the twenty-third of December, 1777, George Washington Lafayette was born, and soon afterwards Lafayette returned to America.

To Adrienne this second parting was infinitely worse than the first. Fresh from the charm of his society, debilitated by her recent illness, and with a keener realization of the dangers to which he would be subjected, she could scarcely endure it. For months no letters, no news of the campaign—that of Virginia—reached her. And to add to her grief little George Washington became desperately ill and for awhile they despaired of his life.

Soon after this came the glorious tidings of the surrender of Cornwallis. This victory of the Americans filled Adrienne with delight. She danced and sang around the old house like a veritable sunbeam, and actually accepted invitations to various gay court events.

One night there was a grand fete given at the Hotel de Ville to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin. Adrienne was there, arrayed in her loveliest gown, light-hearted and gay, rejoicing with her friends over the success of the American cause, thrilled to hear on every lip her husband's name and praises. Suddenly it was announced that the young hero had returned and was even then at the Hotel de Noailles. Adrienne's joy can better be imagined than de-

scribed. Marie Antoinette, herself young and ardent, sympathized with her friend's feelings and with her usual impulsiveness drove her back home in her own carriage.

How she bade her gracious queen adieu, and how she entered the house and ran up the stairs, Adrienne never afterwards remembered. She remembered nothing but being clasped in Lafayette's arms and sobbing out her joy on his breast.

"The joy of seeing him again, and the fascination of his presence were intensely felt by my mother," her daughter wrote in after years. "So overpowering were her feelings that for several months she felt ready to faint every time he left the room."

There followed busy years for the young Lafayettes, and extremely happy ones, though all the while the clouds were gathering and the distant mutterings of the approaching storm could be heard, if one were thoughtful and took time to listen. But for Adrienne the sun still shone and she basked in it and enjoyed her husband, her children, and her home to the full. The little girl who was born to them the year following the close of the American war they named Antoinette Virginie, for the queen and in memory of the Virginia campaign.

As can readily be imagined from their wealth and position, the Lafayettes kept open house. As wife of a popular general, at that time the idol of the French people, Adrienne might have rivalled Madame Roland or Madame Tallien in public favor, but she constantly shrank from public triumphs and was content with appearing at her husband's side at great ceremonies and in daily doing the honors of his house. She made a charming hostess; she possessed brilliant faculties which made her shine at social gatherings. Tender, warm-hearted and bright, she had also tact, good sense, and a rare amount of judgment. But her greatest gift was enthusiasm, that wonderful talisman which keeps the heart young, adds zest to life and attracts all who come in contact with it. So Adrienne was as truly a heroine as was Lafayette a hero, and she is worthy to share the love America bestows upon the memory of her illustrious husband.

And in reading of these two, who in their youth made such sacrifices for the cause of

American liberty, it is a pleasure to realize that Americans have shown their appreciation in many ways, one of the most fitting being the purchase of Lafayette's birthplace, the Chateau Chavaniac, in the mountains of Southern France. It is to-day a well equipped orphanage and school for some three hundred war or-

phans. So here in the old chateau, which echoed long ago to the voices of the young Lafayettes, sick and sorrowful children of France are made well and happy through the agency of that America which Adrienne and her boy husband so dearly loved.

London's Old-time Mass Houses

E. M. ALMEDINGEN

TO-DAY even a London resident, to say nothing about the casual visitor, finds it hard to believe, as he wanders from one splendid Catholic church to another, that in not distant times the word "Mass" was taboo, the altar had to be reared in some mean and obscure hovel, preferably in one of its back rooms, and that admission to the Catholic worship had to be safeguarded by many cunning devices. And those were not the days of Queen Elizabeth or of the Stuarts, but the much nearer times of the eighteenth century, and even of the nineteenth.

The story of St. Patrick's Mission in Soho in particular throws interesting light on the secrecy which had to be exercised by London Catholics even as late as 1825, almost on the eve of the Great Emancipation.

* * *

After the promulgation of the Penal Laws, the center of Catholic faith in Westminster was the chapel of SS. Anselm and Cecilia in Lincoln's Inn Fields. That neighborhood had for a long time before been the refuge of persecuted Catholics. From an "evidence" report at a prosecution we learn that "Mass used to be said in the house of a widow on the left-hand side in Duke Street" even earlier than 1648.

In the later year Catholic worship started in a building belonging to the Countess of Bath and at least two Tyburn martyrs, Fr. William Barrow and Fr. Harcourt, S. J., said Mass there. In 1687, Fr. John Cross, Franciscan Provincial, managed to rent a house near the arches in Lincoln's Inn Fields and opened his chapel there, which, a year later, came into the hands of the Sardinian Embassy.

St. Anselm's was destroyed during the Gor-

don Riots of 1780, but, while the church was being sacked by the mob, a certain "gentle" widow, Mrs. Roberts, managed to retrieve the sacred vessels from profanation and succeeded in carrying them to a priest who was hiding in the Ship Tavern near the Turnstile in Holborn. This priest was none other than the famous Dr. Archer. His refuge, the Ship Tavern, had been a gathering place for Catholics through many years. The times were so full of unrest that even though a back room was always used for his preaching, "pots of beer had to be placed here and there on the table" to allay the suspicions of the ever-watchful informers.

* * *

After the sack of 1780, St. Anselm's, charred and almost entirely ruined, was closed, and the property sold at auction. A Catholic squire from Northumberland, a Mr. Maire, bought it, and immediately handed it over to Bishop Douglass. The chapel was repaired, and then reopened for worship in 1799.

Other "penal" memories crowded around Clare Market (now demolished, the present site of Kingsway and Aldwych), where the great Bishop Challoner founded his "Charitable Society" and used to assemble the members "in a poor and ruinous apartment." Finally, when these premises became unsafe, the Bishop moved to a room "over a wretched stable" in Whetstone Park, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

* * *

Another notable landmark of London's penal past is at St. Mary's, Moorfields. In the very beginning of the eighteenth century, there used to be a "Mass House" securely hidden in the un-

savory neighborhood of Ropemaker's Alley. A very mean and small building it was, and the door boasted of a spy-hole—convenient for discriminating “twixt friend and foe.”

In the doorway sat a porter whose business it was to demand a penny from each newcomer. This practice led to the house being known as “the Penny Hotel.” But even such an amount of caution proved ineffective at times. Thus, during the 1765 persecution, the Penny Hotel was raided, and “two Romish priests were taken out from there to be dealt with according to law.” This mean hovel also was destroyed in the Gordon Riots, and the two chapels built afterwards were in their turn demolished.

* * *

St. Patrick's, Soho, is doubly interesting, because it happens to be the first post-“Revolution” place of worship unattached to any foreign legation. After the Penal Laws, Catholics in England had but two alternatives left them—either they could hear Mass in the chapels of various embassies, or else they had to congregate in secret places, bolts drawn, shutters down, voices lowered, lights dimmed. However, such extensive precautions did not always insure lasting safety.

Even before the formal opening of St. Patrick's, we hear of Mass being said with “greatest stealth and secrecy” at a small house in Denmark Street, Soho. This must have been a considerable time after the Gordon Riots, since that house sheltered some priests from France, escaped to England after the outbreak of the Revolution. But even in the early nineteenth century, when St. Patrick's Chapel had been built for some time, we still find that open daylight was shunned by Catholics. We read of a visitor to London who spent his whole Sunday morning round about Soho Square searching vainly for St. Patrick's.

* * *

Long after the Emancipation Act, London Catholics had to shift on as best they could. Witness Hackney, in the northeast of London, which was fairly well populated in 1840. There was no chapel of any sort there, and the faithful had to trudge to Moorfields to hear their Sunday Mass. In 1843, however, we hear of an eager band of people who met together on Sun-

day evenings “in an obscure room” to recite the Rosary, read some book of meditations, and those very real red-letter days when a priest from Moorfields would come over and preach a sermon to them.

As late as 1868 the Holloway Mission was described as “the most miserable place of worship in the Westminster Diocese.” The mission was started in 1854 by the energetic Canon Oakeley, of Islington. The house at 19 Cornwall Road could not have been very imposing, and the chapel consisted of “the front and back parlors” thrown into one, and even thus enlarged, the room was not spacious enough.

* * *

But, however mean the building, once it was available, Catholics got it, and wasted no time in counting its discomforts. Stables, inns, cellars—anything with a roof to it, was good enough. In 1870 the zealous Catholics in Mile End, one of the poorest London slums, thus managed to get hold of an old “dissenting” house, “Salem.” Six years later they were able to brighten “the bare and comfortless” interior with modest Stations of the Cross. Some twenty-six years later the “Salem” was pulled down and a new church erected in its place.

Still nearer to our own time stand the beginnings of the Limehouse Mission. The latter started in 1881 in a none too big room over a chandler's shop, and whatever were the discomforts, there could be few difficulties in getting altar candles. The place soon became too small for the requirements of the faithful and a larger room was given in the priest's house in Turner's Road. Fr. F. G. Maples was the first rector of Limehouse. His improvised chapel used to be so crowded on Sundays that many members of the congregation had to remain kneeling on the stairs when Mass was celebrated.

* * *

A number of later London missions began in an equally humble way. One of these was that at Ealing, where as late as 1893, a small room in a private house in Windsor Road was converted into a chapel and continued to be so used until 1900, when the increasing numbers of converts made it possible to have a temporary chapel erected.

From the secret hiding places of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from the meanest hovels during the persecutions in 1780, from the hidden back rooms over stables and inns in the last century, arose the present Catholic churches of London. All of them, with the exception of St. Etheldreda's Ely Place, Holborn, took their beginning in some modest yet nevertheless gallant venture of persecuted Catholics.

These memories cannot disappear so long as there are Catholic hearts beating in London. And often when passing some old, old street, one's eye wanders over the curiously shaped

windows, the low lintelled doors, the thick, impenetrable walls of a given building which may have been one of London's old "Mass houses."

It may well be that this building, conveniently lost in some obscure street, holds a room, its windows to the back, its only door strengthened by bolts and bars, a room probably hallowed with countless memories of tapers kindled behind the shutters, of an altar cloth reverently spread over some rough, unpolished table, of an opened Missal, a vested priest, and a handful of kneeling figures breathlessly eager to avail themselves of the precious chance to attend Mass.

Newly Beatified Martyrs of Benedictine Order

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

BLESSED GEORGE GERVAISE, (ALSO JARVIS),
O. S. B.

(April 11th, 1608)

THE early life of Blessed George would afford material for a most interesting and exciting novel; and reading the events of his adolescence, one would not be led to expect that he would die in England as a missionary, a Benedictine, and a martyr. Apparently his parents were Catholics of good social standing, but he had lost them both at the age of twelve. And now a greater misfortune overtook him; he was robbed by pirates and carried as far as India as a kind of slave. As such he was sadly neglected bodily and spiritually, so that in spite of the early impressions in his home, he unfortunately lost all religious knowledge and interest. He was ingenious enough to escape, and to make his way back to England. Finding on his return that his eldest brother, a faithful Catholic had gone abroad to escape the anti-Catholic laws, he went over to him to Flanders. The example of his brother, and the conversations with some divines, to whom he was introduced, reawakened his faith, and he became a professing Catholic. Grateful for this grace, he resolved to devote himself to God's service, and entered the English Seminary at Douay, where he studied for eight years, and

was ordained priest in 1603, being then twenty-four years of age.

His brother, who possessed much influence, had obtained for him a comfortable benefice in Lille, where he could have led his priestly life without danger or trouble; but he felt obliged to devote his life to the poor Catholics in his own native land, even at the risk of a cruel death. He crossed the channel in 1604, and worked there for about two years. In 1606 he was expelled with several hundred other priests, amongst whom was also Blessed John Roberts. He called at Douay, and then made a pilgrimage to Rome. Having by his missionary experience come to the conviction that it was more advantageous and more meritorious to work in England as a member of a religious Order than as a secular priest, he applied in Rome to the Jesuit Fathers to be received into their Society. This petition was not granted, and he returned to Douay. Here the English Benedictine foundation was in its first beginnings, and he applied for admission, which was granted. Soon after his clothing as a novice he was in 1607 sent into England to serve the time of his monastic probation there, as happened also in other cases. His novitiate was short, but severe; for, two months after his landing, he was apprehended and imprisoned until the following April. At the trial his

life was offered him, if he took the oath of allegiance; but, like the founder of his monastery, he refused to take it. Thereupon he was condemned to death for high treason, which consisted merely in having been ordained priest and having exercised priestly functions in England.

The death of this martyr took place at Tyburn on April 11th, 1608, probably in the presence of his senior brother in religion, Blessed John Roberts. Before the execution he prayed silently; and when some bystanders asked him to pray aloud, so that all might join, he answered: "I do not want the prayers of heretics; but if there be any Catholics here, I earnestly beg them, that they would pray to God for me." The terrible sentence was carried out on him with all its savage details, but the Blessed Gervaise suffered with the faith, courage, and devotion of the primitive martyrs.

The news of this martyrdom soon spread abroad; and as it was the first one known as that of a Benedictine, it made a great impression in Benedictine circles, and was in consequence also extolled by our Butzelin and by Count Montalambert. Both of them took it from Yepes the Spanish Benedictine chronicler, who was interested in the English mission, the first Benedictine missionaries and the founders of the English monastery at Douay having come forth from his Congregation. He exults with enthusiasm over this martyrdom, writing:

"How beautiful are the feet of those, who announce the gospel of peace, and St. Paul adds 'upon the mountains' to express the celestial reward in heaven for those who shed their blood and give their lives for Christ. . . . For God knows thus to honor and reward the feet, severed for His service, placing them above the tiaras of pontiffs and the crowns of kings. . . . and those things that in man's eyes are most vile to become most precious relics, because they have been touched by the soles of the feet of his Saints."—(*To be Continued*)

Ad Multos Annos

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

One can hardly imagine a position of greater insignificance than that of the editor of a magazine, such as THE GRAIL. We know, of

course, that he must be a man of some ability at writing, must have no mean powers of discernment in judging the acceptability of manuscripts, and infinite tact in rejecting with sweet unction the undesirable; yet, for all that, to most readers his person is hidden behind the intricate portals of his sanctum, and his name obscured by a high-sounding, though meaningless, "We."

Judge then of the plight of such a one when he himself becomes material for news, for "copy." Such, dear readers, is the case this month with the editor of THE GRAIL. He is to have the happiness of celebrating, on June 9, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood—his silver jubilee. And rather forcibly, and against his will are we, his affectionate confrères, herewith going to violate the secrecy of his sanctum, drag him out into popular daylight, set him, for the passing hour at least, on his proper pedestal, erase that "We," and write instead Father Benedict Brown, O. S. B.

St. Paul speaks of Melchisedech as being put into Holy Scripture "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." Now Father Benedict, though like Melchisedech in being a priest of the Most High God, yet differs from him in this "scripture" in that he has very definite antecedents.

George Alonzo Brown was born on January 11, 1876, in Wright County, Iowa, where later on the town of Rowan sprang up. In 1879 the Brown family went as pioneers to Antelope County, Nebraska, where the father settled on government land, taking up a homestead of 160 acres. There were no church facilities for many miles around. The good Catholic mother, however, who still lives in Nebraska, kept the flame of faith alive, seeing to it that her three little ones said their prayers and learned their catechism.

At fourteen George spent a year at Humphrey, Nebraska, where the Franciscans have a large church and school. There he made his First Communion. A year later he went to Woonsocket, South Dakota, to learn the printer's trade in his uncle's print shop. At this place Father Claud Ebner, O. S. B., a Benedictine from St. Meinrad, Indiana, was pastor.

On Nov. 18, 1891, the Bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Martin Marty, O. S. B., who had been the first Abbot of St. Meinrad Abbey, came to Woonsocket to administer confirmation on the following day. Among those who received this sacrament on that occasion was the future monk and priest.

On September 3, 1894, having laid aside the "composing stick," the printer's devil departed for St. Meinrad in the Hoosier State to prepare for the priesthood in the Benedictine Order. After five years of preliminary studies in the college, the postulant was clothed in the Benedictine habit on September 17, 1899. A year later, on September 18, 1900, he made his religious profession as Frater Benedict. Then five years more of study were spent whereupon the priesthood was conferred on him by Auxiliary Bishop Denis O'Donaghue, of Indianapolis. The First Solemn High Mass was offered up at Woonsocket, South Dakota, on Corpus Christi, Thursday, June 22, 1905.

From the following September the newly ordained functioned as Vice Rector of the College and professor until June, 1920. In the spring of 1919 a notable event occurred in the life of this quondam printer's devil. It was in this year that St. Meinrad Abbey determined to begin publication of a Eucharistic monthly, and cast about for an editor. Fortunately we had in our midst one who was not only experienced in matters of printing, but also had, through years of teaching and study, attained a mastery of the language and sound judgment in matters of literary composition. And so Father Benedict was made editor. As to how he has fulfilled the laborious duties connected with that office, the success of THE GRAIL gives good evidence.

In March of this year, with the election of Rt. Rev. Ignatius Esser as Coadjutor Abbot of St. Meinrad, came a further promotion to Father Benedict: the very high honor of being chosen as the Very Rev. Prior of the monastery became his on March 19. The move was greeted with much pleasure by all the members of the community.

As Prior, Father Benedict is the special superior of the Rev. Fathers; hence commands our obedience. Now, dear readers, knowing this fact, judge of this poor writer's difficulties.

In suffering me to write this sketch, Father Prior gave me to understand that I should indulge in no eulogizing. And it's his Grail, too. So, after having regretfully abbreviated throughout, I must now prematurely stop, though not without "God bless you, Father; ad multos annos!"

Notes of Interest

Benedictine

—In the election of a successor to the Rt. Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., who died on Feb. 12, 1930, Rev. Alfred Koch, S. T. D., was chosen by the chapter of the Archabbey on April 23. The Archabbot-elect was born in Bavaria on Oct. 19, 1879. After making his higher studies at the University of Vienna and at the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he received the Doctorate in Sacred Theology, he was ordained to the priesthood on Feb. 24, 1905. After his arrival in the United States in 1912 he taught at the Sacred Heart Mission House, Girard, Pa., until his entrance into the novitiate at St. Vincent in 1916. On Aug. 23, 1917, he was professed as a Benedictine. To the warm words of greeting addressed to the Archabbot-elect by the *St. Vincent College Journal* we add a hearty *ad multos annos!*

—St. Anselm's Priory at the Catholic University has outgrown its present quarters. Plans are on foot for erecting a new monastery of brick and stucco in Tudor style. The new structure, which will cost approximately \$100,000, should be ready for occupancy this fall.

—The February-March number of the *Ecos del Colegio de San Beda*, which is published at the Benedictine College in Manila, P. I., is a very creditable commencement number, profusely illustrated. The entire volume appears, by way of exception, in English dress. Ordinarily the *Ecos* is part Spanish, part English.

—The Christmas (1929) number of the *St. Ildephonus College Magazine*, year book of the Christian Brothers' College in the neighborhood of the Abbey Nullius of New Norcia, West Australia, is quite a pretentious volume with illustrated articles, a chronicle of events for the entire year, etc. By the "College Chronicle" we observe that the mid-year vacation opened on June 25 and closed on July 23. On the south side of the equator the long vacation comes in December and January.

—The Benedictine Nuns of Talacre Abbey, Prestatyn, Flint, North Wales, converts to the Faith in 1913, are endeavoring to raise the funds necessary for building a modest church, which should serve not only for the Nuns' choir but also as a parish church for the poor people of the neighborhood. "The church is to be quite plain," writes the Lady Abbess, Dame Flavia M. Garland, O. S. B. The cause is a worthy one.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE:—The Editor of KWEERY KORNER takes this occasion, in his own name and that of his readers, to heartily congratulate the Reverend Editor of THE GRAIL upon his promotion to the office of Prior of his monastery. May Almighty God, through the intercession of his Holy Patron, Saint Benedict, bless and prosper the Reverend Benedict Brown, O. S. B., in his new and important duties. With pleasure we learn that Father Benedict's promotion to the Priorship will still find him holding his position as Editor of THE GRAIL.

In case a girl did not have a hat and wished to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, would it be sufficient to cover the hair with a handkerchief?—Atchison, Kans.

Yes, that would be sufficient.

Can the Station indulgences be gained only once a day or as often as we make the Stations?—Chicago, Ill.

Your question will best be answered by a quotation from the Raccolta. The editor quotes: "Those who perform devoutly the Stations of the Cross may gain all the indulgences which have ever been granted by Popes to the faithful who visit in person the sacred places in Jerusalem. All, however, who wish to gain them must bear in mind that the Stations must be erected by one who has faculties, and that it is indispensably required of them to meditate, according to their abilities, on the Passion of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and to go from one Station to the other, so far as the number of persons engaged in the devotion, and the space where the fourteen Stations are erected, will admit, and that is all that is required for Indulgences". From this it will readily be seen that as often as you fulfill the above conditions you may gain the Station indulgences.

Is it sinful for women to appear in public without stockings?—Alamosa, Colo.

Such a practice is to be very strongly condemned as being contrary to all sense of womanly modesty and public decency. The practice was publicly condemned by many Bishops in our land last year.

Does a person gain any indulgence by kissing the ring of a Bishop?—Denver, Colo.

Yes, by so doing, you may gain an indulgence of fifty days.

How often should we make a General Confession?—New Orleans, La.

A partial answer to your question occurs in the February issue of KWEERY KORNER. You will find

there when a person is obliged to make a General Confession. Outside of that, a person will do well to make a General Confession when entering upon a change of state of life; whenever a regular confessor advises such a confession; at the time of a retreat, mission, or jubilee. However, in this connection, it will be well to mention that if your regular confessor advises against a general confession, then his advice should be followed in the matter.

Does the State of Indiana have an official board for Catholic charities within the State?—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

By writing to the Editor of THE GRAIL you may receive more detailed information on this question than the editor of this column is able to supply. The Catholic Community Center, located at 1004 N. Penn. Ave., at Indianapolis Ind., is the only official charity office your editor knows of; there may be others.

If Our Lord taught the Catholic Religion why did He go to the synagogue and there attend service? If he was a Jew why did He teach the Catholic Religion?—Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Divine Savior was a Jew by birth and therefore attended services in the synagogue, because until the time that He publicly proclaimed His Church, which is the Catholic Church, Judaism was the only true form of religion. But with His preaching, death, and resurrection, the old law with its religion of Judaism was fulfilled and abolished and Catholicism, the only religion preached and established by Christ, came into being as the one true teaching of the new law.

Is there a Patron Saint for beggars?—New York, N. Y.

Let us hope that our questioner does not belong to that unfortunate class. Yes, Saint Alexis, whose Feast is celebrated on July 17th, is the Patron Saint of beggars.

We recently had a big prison fire here and the following question arose: Would a Catholic prisoner commit a sin by making use of this opportunity to make his escape?—Columbus, Ohio.

Providing that the prisoner would in no way do the slightest damage to the prison property and in no way do any harm to any person, he would not sin if he made use of such an opportunity to escape.

We have two children whom we named Merry and Cherry. Are these the names of Saints? Since we are converts to the faith we wish to be sure that our children have Patron Saints.—Pittsburgh, Pa.

Both are the names of Saints. There is a Saint Merry, whose Feast is celebrated on Aug. 29th. Merry is also a pet name from Mercedes, as noted in our last September issue. Cherry is a variant of either Charity or Chariton. There are seven Saints of the latter name; the principal one having been an Abbot in Palestine and his Feast is celebrated on Sept. 28th.

How many Benedictine Congregations are there in the United States?—Shawnee, Okla.

I trust you really mean Congregations and not individual communities. The Benedictine Congregations represented in the United States are the American-Cassinense, Swiss-American, the English Congregation, and the Sylvestrine Benedictines.

(Continued on page 92)



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS

Rev. Ambrose Mattingly, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.



EFFIE LONG-TURKEY

JUNE—AND VACATION

June is a happy month for all youngsters—first because of the approaching summer time, the time of all joy and gladness, when the earth is spread with beauty and decked out with loveliness, and the breezes are soft and beguiling, luring little boys and girls to the woods and open places; the second reason is that vacation time occurs at the middle of the month, when eager child hearts are freed of all school ties and responsibilities, and they are free to roam about and enjoy themselves the livelong day, like the happy birds in the trees, and the lambs in the meadow.

The little Indian children are just as happy at the approach of vacation, for, much as they love their nice school, yet there is a quite natural joy in returning to their parents and baby sisters and brothers, for the parents and children love each other very much, even though many of the homes are not much to come back to. Perhaps that is why their love is so deep; they have nothing but each other; often home means but a tent spread out in the open, the ground for a bed, and all outdoors for a back yard. Some of them have log cabins, or shacks built of lumber and tin from the dump. For chairs many of them sit on upturned wash-tubs and grocery boxes; there is a cook stove, perhaps a table, and a bed or two. But the floor is of earth, and many of the family must sleep on it, since there are not beds enough for all. There are also a few necessary

cooking pots, and food of the cheapest and plainest.

But it is home, for all that, and the love and delight that is in their hearts on returning to the bosom of the family, far offsets any lack of elegance or luxury. And so, by the time you read this, the little ones will be going through their June examinations, either graduating, or being promoted to a higher class, and then—the happy day when the mission grounds are filled with wagons, buggies, old chugging motor cars—all waiting to take home their burden of happy, laughing childhood. The mothers and fathers and baby brothers and sisters all come along—maybe even Grandma and Grandpa too, to attend the closing entertainment, or commencement exercises, before everyone bids good-bye to the moist-eyed Sisters and the kindly Fathers, and then jump into their vehicles, such as they are, and amid a cloud of dust, are off to the prairie, the great open spaces, where in the wide expanse, somewhere lies a hut or tent called "home."

And then, when the last wagon disappears, a mere speck, in the distance, the Sisters and Fathers turn around and look at each other—how still it is! The empty, lonely schoolrooms, lately so full of hearty, lively, noisy children do not fail to send a pang of regret to the heart, even though the faithful teachers and caretakers are badly in need of a rest and an honest-to-goodness vacation after the exacting labors of the school year.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Justin writes: "Our new rectory is finished; we moved in on Oct. 21st. It is finished, but not paid for, and only the donations from kind friends can help us now." This rectory was badly needed; the old one, a mere barn of a frame building, stood forty years, and passed through two tornadoes and one fire; it was the only building left standing when all the others were down, and in late years it was but a poor protection from the bitter winters of South Dakota. The wind blew in unhindered through cracks and crannies and warped boards, and it was so cold at times that Father Pius Boehm had to wear his rubbers indoors to keep his feet warm. He is very old now, and since his venerable head has grown grey in the service of this mission, it is but fitting that he have a decent dwelling in which to spend his last years, after all the hardships he has gone through. Let us set aside a small stipend a month to help defray this debt.

Father Justin also writes that one of the school chil-



INDIAN KIDDIES AT MARTY

dren died in March from tubercular pneumonia; she was in the hospital about a month.

Father Justin further writes: "The oven fund has not yet reached the required mark, and now we are needing a new butter churn. Our children need butter to fatten them up, and we have such a poor excuse of a churn, the old barrel kind. Only the good Sister in the kitchen can handle it, and it is pretty much of a job for her."

Yesterday, Sister Mary Anne, the kind superior of our school, came to me with a list of things needed for our growing boys and girls. 'Father,' she said, 'we must have all things on this list; I have gone over it several times, trying to see what we might do without, but there is nothing I can scratch off.' On the list were boys' shirts, all sizes, from 4 to 18, caps, shoes, stockings, dresses, sweaters, etc. So I am appealing to you for help in obtaining these necessary articles for our children. House-cleaning time is here, and many people will find clothing hanging in their closets which have been outgrown or otherwise discarded by members of the family. Send it to us. We shall be most grateful. We should be glad to have you include some thread, needles, thimbles, and all that goes with patching and mending. That will all help us.—Send these articles direct to Father Justin Snyder, O. S. B., Stephan, Hyde Co., S. Dak.

LETTER FROM SISTER MARY ANNE

Dear Clare Hampton:—

I was surely surprised and very much pleased to get that box of religious articles which came the other day. Out here we seldom get such lovely gifts, and we appreciate them more than you can imagine. Whenever I chance to look at these articles, I will remember the kind donors, and though we are so busy, we haven't much time to pray, you will all have a share in the work we offer up. Pray for our mission and my intention.

Gratefully yours in Christ,
Sister Mary Anne, O. S. B., Superior,
Immaculate Conception Mission.

These articles, the combined donations of many kind persons, were packed together in a large box and sent as a surprise to good Sister Mary Anne. Continue sending religious articles, jewelry, beads, and little things that children like, and Clare Hampton will make up more of these delightful surprises for the good Sisters, who are glad to have them for their charges. Some persons sent us quite a number of religious books. These are much appreciated by the nuns for their own reading, besides lending them to the children.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

On March 27 Father Ambrose wrote: "We are having lovely weather, but the roads are impassable. Most of the snow has melted, but there is still considerable frost in the ground. It will be some time yet before the Indians can get into their fields for plowing and planting. I have just made a purchase of some farm machinery involving an outlay of nearly a thousand dollars, but have charged the account to good St. Joseph, feeling sure he will inspire some of his devoted clients to help us meet this most necessary obligation. We must plant a little crop in order to help out on food."

"I wish to thank Mr. L. J. S., of Columbus, Ohio, for the \$5.00 he sent in gratitude for a favor received."

On April 1 Father writes: "We have just received your box with sweater, rosaries, medals; and other articles, for which I hasten to express my heartfelt thanks. I have been forced to go into debt for seed to plant a little crop to care in some measure for the needs of the school. I am charging this up to St. Jo-

seph and the Little Flower; surely they will not fail us in our need. The general financial depression of the country has been making itself felt here too; funds are very low, but the school must go on. Little souls must be saved, and little bodies taken care of."

"We are having our usual number of tubercular victims. Since the first of January, seventeen Indians have passed away. The death rate is simply appalling. During the coldest and stormiest season of the winter, our poor little Margaret Goodhouse died. Her picture was printed in the Grail, and doubtless our readers remember her. She had been covered with tubercular ulcers almost from infancy, and this made her a repulsive sight to others. But although she was unable to attend school, she found much consolation in the practice of her holy religion. Hers was a beautiful soul, and up to the time of her death, she constantly recited the prayers that her good grandparents and myself had taught her, and repeatedly pressed to her lips the crucifix. Our benefactors will be happy to know that I was able to keep her and her grandparents comfortably clothed from their charity boxes."

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Father Sylvester writes: "Yesterday we buried Evelyn Medicine Horn. She had been sick for some time, but seemed to be better. Her trouble was T. B. Sunday her mother and some other folks came to see her at the mission and were delighted to see how well she looked, but while I was eating supper Sunday evening, Sister sent a hurry-up call, and I got there just in time. She had a hemorrhage internally, and was just able to receive Holy Communion. She died two minutes later. She was conscious up to the last, and had suffered quite a bit, but she never cried out or let anybody know how she felt. Our Indian children are good little sufferers. They are the virtue of patience itself. It was a cold, windy day yesterday as the whole school filed out to the cemetery and we laid her away to rest."

LETTER FROM FATHER SYLVESTER'S NIECE

Dear Clare Hampton:—

I go to school at Marty; I am Father Sylvester's niece. We used to live in Indiana, but moved to South Dakota last November. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade. Three of my uncles are priests: Father Omer Eisenman, Fr. Edward Eisenman, and Fr. Sylvester.

The church here was very small at first, but the congregation grew and Father Sylvester was forced to build an addition. This was made possible by good people who sent him donations. Five statues have been sent by benefactors, the Little Flower, Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart, and St. Jude was just put in the church recently. Everyday at Mass the children pray for their benefactors.

Your loving friend,
Mary Elizabeth Eisenman."

DONATION RECEIVED

Miss Mary Duffy of Kearny, N. J., sends \$2.00 for the missions. May God bless her. It has been sent to Father Justin for his Oven Fund, which is not yet complete. Let us help to put this Oven Fund over the top!

PATRONIZE OUR BEADWORK AND NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT

Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., for list of articles and prices. Work done entirely by Indian women and children. Don't forget our quilt tops. Beautiful silk patch quilt tops, \$8.00. Feather-stitched carefully onto heavy backing. Lovely enough to be used as counterpanes!

(Continued on page 92)



A RULE OF LIFE

If thou hast thy task to do,
Do it with a will;
If the water runneth not,
Stands the mill wheel still.
Sing thy song with heart and soul
Through the livelong day;
Let thy life be here on earth
One continuous lay.

Then, astonished, thou shalt find
All thy cares disarmed;
And, like Orpheus, see the world
All about thee charmed.

—A. J. H., in *St. Vincent College Journal*.

THE PRESENCE

S. M. THERESE, O. S. B.

"The groves were God's first temples."—Bryant.

"Bind her fast with roots of tarmarack to the post
there near the wigwam."

"Come, braves, bring flint and firewood."

The maiden was not to be burned at the stake, although she was the helpless prisoner of Kwanumbeeka, the Manslayer. She was to be released at dawn, but ere that time—it was then nightfall—she was condemned to witness the death by torture of Opekaway, her father. Not two suns had set since the Manslayer had come from the land of the Mohawks into the midst of the Creoles to slay the first of the tribe his eyes fell upon. In Kwanumbeeka's youth, his father, while reconnoitering, had been very artfully tripped by a Creole and thrown from the top of a crag. In falling he had clung to a projecting rock and had cried for help and mercy. But the relentless Creole cut off his hands and the Mohawk fell to his doom. Kwanumbeeka had vowed vengeance and Opekaway was the victim.

A motley crowd had assembled. The fire was kindled, the knives were whetted, the kettle of water heated and the tomahawks laid near by. The Creole brave, bound and bleeding, was fastened to a rudely constructed framework of wood and the slaughter began. The maiden closed her eyes. During four, long, soul-racking hours she heard the bloody work going on and her heart cried out to the Manitou as it had never done before. But neither moan nor murmur came from her nor from her father until the big, fiery eyes of a Death-god had looked into the victim's.

Throughout the following day the wailing of the death song went on to the quiet rhythm of the minnewawas in the palm trees. Now and then the loud busy buzz of a bumble bee or the distant call of a turtle dove broke in upon the dirge, as if Nature, too, wished to pay its tribute of grief to the bereaved. At sunset Opekaway was buried after the fashion of his fathers and his daughter was left alone.

In the moons that followed, at the fireside of many a dusky wigwam far and wide, the maiden's name was whispered with that high regard that an Indian pays to valor.

Again it was nightfall. The brave girl sat alone near the wigwam, with her face toward the West. Far, far out beyond the forested mountains she saw the Evening Star setting over the grave of her who had died that she might live. At no great distance from where she sat she could still discern the rounded outline of the mound that held her father. She thought of that other night when the flickering fire threw lights and shadows on his face as he suffered. Once, when she had dared to look, it had seemed as if he were trying to speak...

The step of a moccasined foot near her caused the maiden to look up. In the light of the glowing embers she could see the slight figure of a youth from the land of the Dakotahs.

"Welcome to the lodge," she said as she rose to prepare food for the stranger.

With a sign he bade her stay. "May I, maiden, ask the name by which they call you?"

"No one calls me any longer, but when they did they called me 'Ripples'." The name was given me in early childhood by a squaw, who bound a band of wampum round my head to keep my hair out of my eyes. She said the day would come when I could know why thus she named me."

"Ripples, footsore I come from the land of midnight sunsets to win a bride to cheer my wigwam. My father is Great Heart, the big chief of a big tribe, and toward me, his only son, he is most bountiful. Will you be the light of my wigwam, where all that wealth and loving hearts can give will be yours?"

Fondly looked he at the maiden, but she waited ere she answered. And when she spoke it was to tell him this: "My father, ere the Pauguk took him from me, often sat beside me on this very log, at close of day.

One evening late he clasped me to his heart and bade me promise that I would never wed outside our tribe. 'Twas the only time I ever saw him weep, and upon my tresses fell the tear drops. I pledged my word. Yonder is his grave. To break my promise were to grieve my father, were to prove false to the dead. Go, find a bride among the maidens of your own tribe and may the Manitou lead you to the one whose heart is truest."

A moment he stood with a finger on his lips looking at the embers, but seeing nothing. Then like a wounded stag he darted away into the thicket and the blackness of the night fell between them.

A restless, unsatisfied longing had seized upon the maiden in her loneliness, until drawn by the mystic rhythm of the woodland she wandered out from the wigwam, to go—she knew not whither. Moon after Moon lighted her way through the forest. Tribe after tribe not knowing whence she came nor whither she went, saw her glide into their midst, tarry a brief space, and roam onward. For, ever and anon came the call of the wild that drew her irresistibly, and ever and anon was her departure remembered with a kind of fond regret by those who had known her but briefly. Fleet of foot and tender of heart was the maiden, whose home was the wide world, whose school was the forest.

"What is it?" she mused as she paused one day in her wandering, "that speaks so sweetly from out of the woodland, and bids me linger in its shadow? What is this unseen Something that calls to me in the wind, smiles at me in the sunshine, and caresses me in the shade?"

Quietly as the sunshine creeps across the prairies toward the West, Ripples traveled farther and farther from the land of perpetual summer to the chilly, leafless North. Winter appealed to the maiden who hailed from the land of the palm and the butterflies. Ere long, however, the blasts of the North shook the frail frame, laying it prostrate on a bed of pain. Again with the spring came the sunshine which resuscitated her and beckoned her onward. But a prosaic warning from the old squaw, who had nursed and fed her during her illness, delayed her departure. In the days of waiting, Ripples made for her benefactor, with charcoal on bark of white, a picture of the rising sun sending out long, white rays through the trees.

2

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than Heaven."—Scott.

Asleep in the warm spring sunshine lay the girl in a hammock of elm-roots and cedar-boughs. Her noon-day siesta was brief, but as she slept she dreamed a dream that was vivid and sweet. Before her stood the object of her search. The Presence in the forest, because she could not grasp the incomprehensible nor picture to herself the infinite, came to her in her dream in the form of a man, with a countenance open and tender, and white in the full rays of the rising sun. Words of endearment he spoke, and vanished.

Ripples awoke. Never to be forgotten was the kind

face that had hallowed her sleep, and in the days that followed she so oft recalled the benign aspect of her dream guest that she thought of him as a reality.

"Would that I might meet him! Youthful he was and gracious, and ah! how his look led my thoughts to better things. Is he the Spirit of the forest, treading the earth like myself in an endless search? Were it but so!—Who among mortals could be the mother of such a son?"

Chilly days, then warmer, came and went and the Moon was waxing full. April—dusky warriors twenty centuries past called it the Moon of Bright Nights—was well-nigh half spent. Stopping one day to rest, she leaned her tired little body against a mighty oak. Looking up toward the heavens she beheld the sun, the warmth of whose rays was indeed welcome to her. As she looked she prayed, not knowing that she did so. With an appalling suddenness the face of the heavens grew dark, the sun hid itself behind angry clouds, the earth quaked, the wind howled, and her strong support trembled until it threw her away from itself. For three long hours this convulsion of nature continued and ere light and quiet returned, Ripples had concluded that either Nature was being annihilated or the governing Spirit of Nature himself suffered. Little did she know that a dear, sweet Face that for long had turned daily with a speechless sorrow toward a certain tree on the hills of Palestine was on that day of redder hue than her own; dark, not of skin, but dyed with His own life's Blood.

3

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air."—Whittier.

Late one day in the Moon of Falling Leaves Ripples saw before her the bosom of an extensive lake. She stepped into a canoe tied near the water's edge, and sat down to rest and to think.

"'Tis His evening blessing," she said half audibly. "This gentle zephyr is the sweep of his garments, these very ripples his heart-beat—." And Ripples' heart beat faster as she mused.

Beautiful was the night. Looking up through the trees and beyond them she marvelled at the sight of a comet hanging in the heavens toward the southeast, like a finger of light pointing earthward. "Ishkoodah, harbinger of peace and heart's-ease, show me thither, guide me on the way that leads to Him!"

Ere three suns had risen Ripples was lost in the thick, black forest between the water's edge and the place toward which the finger of light had pointed. A marrow-biting blast from the North had begun to blow, indicating that Winter, with long, quick strokes was painting desolation on the face of Mother Earth. Tired, footsore and alone she plodded on, until overcome with fatigue and benumbed with cold she fell on a bed of autumn leaves that Nature had spread,—fell like a blossom, culled and dropped to wither ere fully blown.

Two large stones nearby sheltered her somewhat from the wind. Helpless, sick, exhausted she lay,

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while from out of the forest three pairs of gaunt, deep-set eyes stared at her.

Febly she spoke: "Regnuh, ghost of Hunger, once before you've fixed your gaze upon me, when come from summer lands I hoped the leafless forests of the North would yield to me what the verdure of the woodlands in brighter climes had hidden."

"Ugh, and the twin spirits, Mahwou and Jedou, Fever and Pain, come you as heralds of Pauguk, the Death-god? Though they neither spoke nor listened, they ceased not, day and night, to haunt the maiden.

Memories and heartaches crowded in upon her. "Spirit," she cried aloud, "for thee... I've lived... and longed... and suffered... Make perfect... my poor life... in thee... I can... not... live... without thee... I pray thee... manifest thyself... here... in—"

The rest, though unspoken, was heard by the Spirit, Who alone held the wake.

4

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."—Tennyson.

"Tuesday after Pentecost is the great day!" This from Michael Murphy, who was happily leading his little mother up Monte Cassino, a hill in the neighborhood of the Seminary at St. Meinrad, for a visit to the Chapel of Mary.

"Great day, indeed, Mickey, son of mine," she answered almost prayerfully, as he opened the gate to the yard in the midst of which stood the goal of their little pilgrimage.

Before entering to pray, Michael led his mother to a bench to rest a moment after her walk up the hill.

"You shouldn't have walked, mother," he said.

"Who ever heard tell of makin' a pilgrimage in a Ford?" And she laughed almost gaily at the idea.

"I knew that walk you would, so I didn't insist at the foot of the hill that you shouldn't."

"'Tis well you saved your words till now, son."

Easter Monday was a gorgeously beautiful day. The two sat in the warm, mellow spring sun, and although the little white-haired woman was too greatly fatigued to kneel, she was not too tired to talk.

"Shure, and it's splendid the services be during Holy Week here in the Abbey Church," she began.

"But there's one thing more splendid, little mother of mine. Wait until Pentecost week!"

"You'll break this heart in me yit, Mickey," she said so pathetically, that her son was startled.

"Why, mother, you don't mean that you are not happy over God's choice of a son of yours for His service."

"God knows I wouldn't be an obstacle in my Mickey's way to the altar," she continued. "But it isn't my will to be givin' ye up. I'm just endurin' it because I can't help it. You see, son, it's this way. For your auld mither, Mickey, you've never grewed up. In my eyes, you're still a baby, and always will be."

To Michael after more than ten years of discipline that had marvellously transformed him from a shy little freshman to a zealous deacon longing for Priest-

hood, the words sounded oddly enough. They did not fail, however, to stir long—dormant chords, and for the moment he sat, looking down the road they had just traversed, silent with the awe evoked from any heart by sacrifice.

She stirred, arose, and moved toward the Chapel. Both entered. Her tears had ceased, but her son sensed the battle she was waging. But just what passed between their inmost souls and the beautifully tender Mother of God on this occasion must needs remain a secret between them and Mary.

When leaving the Chapel Michael forestalled a continuation of the previous conversation by asking, "Mother, did you read the story of the founding of this Chapel in 'Historical Essays' last November?"

"Bliss your foolish heart, Mickey, and could you feature your ould mither a-readin'? 'Historical Essays' isn't fur the likes o' me. 'Ginst I git my words spelled, I forget what I've read. But, tell me, tell me, son. I've an ear fur stories and a mood to listen."

Again the two seated themselves on the rustic bench in the sunshine, and Michael spoke to tell her this:

"St. Meinrad's Abbey was founded by pioneers from Einsiedeln, Switzerland, where the soul of Benedictine life has ever been devotion to Mary. Here among the hills of southern Indiana these Fathers felt ill at ease and far from home, until a shrine, however humble, had been erected in Mary's honor. At first it was a picture of the Blessed Virgin crushing the serpent's head, hung on an oak tree, that attracted her loving children to kneel and pray. Later a rude hut of logs was built to shelter her image. And when stone was discovered in the quarry here, the first of it was used to build this little Chapel as it stands today. Here the sick have come, and gone home cured or relieved, to say nothing of the miracles of grace, the revelation of which will be Mary's privilege on the great day of accounting. Here youths have received the help necessary to continue the arduous way to the priesthood; here poets have knelt and been inspired with thoughts, which not finding expression in frail words, have died in the hearts that conceived them."

"'Tis wonderful, wonderful, Mickey, this story of the sylvan shrine of Mary," his mother added reverently.

Michael had said sufficient that he thought his story complete. He appreciated all that his Alma Mater gave, and loved her history and her traditions. But not an inkling had he of the life story of the little creature in answer to whose unfinished prayer, long lost in the centuries, God had manifested himself there to him and to thousands of others. As he led his mother along the road down the hill he thought how like a holy seer the poet wrote when he penned:

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways."

EXCHANGE SMILES

A little tot of three years greatly enjoyed looking at pictures of the Infant Jesus. One book of stories for First Holy Communion was particularly prized by her and when it was misplaced and she could not find it,

she sobbed as if her heart would break, "Oh, Mamma, I have lost My Jesus! I can't find Him!"

As I helped her in the search for her treasure I couldn't help but wonder how many of us older children are broken-hearted when we have lost Jesus by sin. How many of us shed tears of sorrow and hasten at once to find Jesus by making a sincere confession and receiving Him in Holy Communion?

The class had been instructed to make a sentence with *removable*, also with *qualified*.

A seventh grade pupil submitted the following:

"The removal hen is dead."

"The apple is qualified."

A certain text book in hygiene speaks of the white corpuscles as policemen that guard the body against infection. The question being asked as to why the white corpuscles were regarded as policemen, one pupil wrote in reply:

"The white corpuscles are policemen because they keep insects off the body."

Jack, who was visiting on the farm, became much interested in watching Grandpa hitch up the horses.

"Come, Jack, we must go now," mother called when it was time to go home.

"Wait a minute," he replied. "I want to see Grandpa undress the horses."

A JUDGE OF BOYS

Now when it comes to geography
I know that I ain't smart,
And when it comes to 'rithmetic
I'm in a class apart.

I must confess that I am "dumb"
In studies such as these,
And I don't know so very much
'Bout flowers, birds, and bees.

But when it comes to picking boys—
The honest, brave, and true—
I never find it very hard,
As other people do,

Because a secret something seems
To shine from out their eyes,
And they reflect it clearly as
The water does the skies.

And there I see a-shining
God's beaming light of joy,
And there's something seems to tell me:
"Here's a wholesome, happy boy."

SYLVESTER SCHMITT, 2nd Year High.

In Summer

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

I hear the flying silver feet
Of faery breezes as they meet
To laugh and romp in ecstasies
Through leafy fingers of the trees.

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 54)

medium, or even deficient, interest in things liturgical. Ask yourself in the middle of the week: "Do I know

what Mass will be said next Sunday? Or what the Gospel treats of? Do I intend to go to the sermon? Would I welcome a chance to attend Vespers and Benediction, or the Office of Compline?" If you must answer, "No," to all these questions, surely you must acknowledge that your interest in these matters is below par. And if it is true, as Abbot Caronti says, that the *source* of liturgical piety is "an intimate union with the priestly power of Jesus Christ," how shall one who takes no active part in the priesthood of Christ, who shares but indifferently in the Great Sacrifice, in the preached Doctrine, in the Official Acts of Praise—how shall such a one draw near to that source?

WAYS AND MEANS

Helps are not wanting that may enable all sincere inquirers to initiate themselves into the mysteries of the sacred liturgy. There are numerous articles written on the liturgy of the Mass. The *Daily Catholic Tribune*, our only daily Catholic paper in English, published at Dubuque, Iowa, prints one of these liturgical articles every day. The diocesan Catholic weeklies likewise carry them, the Catholic monthly magazines have entire sections devoted to the explanation of the liturgical functions. Besides these, there are special magazines devoted solely to the teaching of the liturgy; some of these treat the topic in a general way, while others select a distinct phase, as for example, liturgical music. All in all, the press in this country is now fairly well supplied with items of interest to those who seek information on the subject of the liturgy. We have all reason to hope that a favorable reaction to this great liturgical movement will soon be forthcoming on the part of our Catholic people.

THE SPIRIT OF WHITSUNTIDE

By the liturgy the Holy Ghost elevates the thoughts of men, for the Spirit of God is indeed the Divine Breath behind the liturgy and its work. In fact, it might be called His mouthpiece and the unerring interpreter of His august inspirations and counsels to men. With the certain knowledge of this close union between the liturgy and the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, we shall naturally appreciate in a larger measure the intrinsic worth of the liturgy. The Feast of Pentecost—of old a principal festivity among the Jews—rightly came to hold in the Christian dispensation a rank second only to Easter, so that during the Middle Ages it was known as the *Red Easter* or *Rose Easter*. The spirit of this feast is expressed in the words of the Collect at Mass: Grant us...to relish what is right, and ever to rejoice in His consolation. Being now ascended with Christ above the things of our low, earthly existence, we thus beseech God to send us the help of His Holy Spirit to keep our minds turned to things above. If we expect to rejoice in the consolation of the Comforter sent by our Savior, we must relish what is right, not what is morally evil and corrupts instead of preserving unto eternal life.

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XXII—THELMA AGAIN

(Continued)

THELMA took the most roundabout way home—a car line that ran clean around town before it reached Carroll Street. She wanted time to think; the germ of a resolve had come to her, and she wanted to mill over it awhile before coming to a decision. For when it was decided, she meant to act quickly—burn her bridges behind her before her pain-numbed heart awoke and weakened her resolve.

Long before the car had reached Carroll Street, the resolve was taken. Yes! She would; she must! There was only one swift, kind thing to do now, to plug up the jagged hole in her heart. The car moved far too slowly now that she had decided what to do—why had she taken this tiresome long route? Oh, the agony of the nights of battle with her heart since the ball—like a tiger against its keeper! She had it chained now, and it must not awaken until she had it safely behind bars!

The conductor called out the name—"Carroll Street"—and she leaped up and swiftly alighted. She must hurry, and twist the leash cruelly until it hurt, so the wild thing might remain cowed. She went down the street like one in a dream, yet with a strange sense of exultation in her breast. Conventions? Sometimes they were like adamant rock, which no feeble chisel could even mark—again they were like iron under acid, melting away before human necessities. Straight past her own house she hurried—past Allyn Mordaunt's sweet-potato-vined windows—past an empty lot with its squalid cans, bottles, and broken crockery—ah, here it was—No. 221. Bravely her feet carried her to the door, and her heart seemed to beat louder than the soft knock with which she announced her presence. The details of blistered yellow paint, warped panels, and crackled white china door knob had time to etch themselves sharply upon her consciousness before the door finally opened. An incredulous cry of joy greeted her in a cracked voice—a faded bath robe with frayed edges—a glint of thick lenses with small, piggish eyes squinting behind them, sunken and deep violet now—gaunt jawbones—

"Thelma!" he whispered unbelievably. "I dreamed

it so often—am I dreaming now? Ah, no—it would be too cruel!" He covered his eyes with both hands a moment, and then looked again. She smiled at him.

"Well, Freddie, aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Am I going to ask you—what unheard-of kindness is this, that Thelma should visit me? Come in! Come in! No queen was more welcome! I've only one good chair. Wait, I'll get it." He walked unsteadily and she grasped his arm.

"No, no, don't bother. I'll sit here." And she seated herself on a large packing box. Suddenly, a gasp escaped her, as she beheld at the rear of the studio, a life-sized portrait of herself—clear, distinct, red hair and all, in bold relief against a blackish-green background. Before it hung a curtain, which was now draped back, as though someone had just been contemplating it. Springing up, she walked toward it, marvelling at each faithful detail of herself. But the face was sublime, glorified—an ethereal Thelma—true in lineament and outline, but possessing an infinitely spiritual quality.

"Oh, Freddie!" she cried, with a catch at her throat. "You've heaped coals of fire upon my head! You've painted me with a soul—and I haven't any."

"Ah, you cannot see yourself as others see you," he replied tenderly, "but we, who see you, know that you have one! I myself have seen it shining out of your eyes many times, and I have tried, with but poor success, to put it on canvas. Oh, that I had the fire of Heaven with which to paint you!"

"Ah, Freddie, you overwhelm me," she said, with a wondrous humility, suddenly embarrassed, now that she was actually here. Conventions were not so easy to bowl over after all. "Freddie—"

"Well?"

"You don't happen to need a model—or, better still, now that you are not feeling well, someone who can make fudge, or boil eggs, or make oyster patties in a pinch—I can make them pretty well, and I can sew on buttons too, if one happened to come off your coat—" She paused, hot, and more embarrassed than ever.

"Thelma! You don't mean that you—" but he stopped, afraid to go on, lest he be repulsed again, as formerly. She looked down at him—she was a full head taller. His face was pitifully thin and haggard, and suddenly, her heart ached for him. Thelma was becoming strangely tender and pitiful—and fearful also. What if he had changed, and would refuse her

offer? It would be only what she deserved, she thought, sadly, after having treated him like a rag. But taking courage again, she moistened her lips and continued:

"Freddie—you asked me to marry you once—"

"Not once—fifty times!" he stood there, eyeing her through his thick lenses, and his hands were beginning to tremble, but he said never a word. Oh, why was he so quiet? Why did he not help her along? But he didn't. She had trained him well. She had to do her own pleading.

"Freddie—" she was looking down at her hands, and nearly twisting the clasp off her glove. "Won't you—won't you please ask me the fifty-first time?" One moment he gazed at her, astonished and incredulous, then, falling to the floor, he embraced her feet, and kissed the tips of her shoes, his long locks trailing in all directions, ludicrous as usual, but pathetically humble. "Is it possible—is it possible! My Thelma is asking me—my goddess wants to do the thing she refused me so many, many times!" But she would not allow him thus abject upon the floor; raising him—he was weak and light as a feather—she begged again.

"Yes, yes, Freddie; ask me."

"Thelma, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Freddie," she answered meekly, closing her eyes and allowing him to unfold her to his starving heart, while through her own the sword of anguish was plunged! Her sacrifice was complete.

CHAPTER XXV—LUCILLA LAYS HER PLANS

For days and weeks Lucilla pondered and brooded over her trouble, wondering what she could do to win Ted back to her side. Knowing and acknowledging that she had failed him, and been the active cause of his defection from duty and honor, she was willing to go more than half way to make up for her own remissness. She tried talking to him, but alas! Her every advance met with a cold rebuff; he was silent and sullen most of the time, and met her attempts at kindly intimacy with gruff words, or none at all, which could not but wound her deeply. Yet she did not dare complain, for deep down in her heart constantly reverberated the words, "Mea Culpa! Mea Culpa!" She had only herself to thank for the state of affairs, and she knew now that only infinite patience and tireless effort would serve, and even then, the chances of fanning the ashes of a dead love into glowing flame were vague and far off.

But she never gave up hope; it would take time, perhaps strategy, to win him back, but, she vowed to herself, should it become necessary to overturn the whole world to gain her end, she would never cease trying. Little by little a plan began to form in her mind—a scheme which must be thought out carefully to the smallest detail, for the least slip might bring worse than failure. She would get Thelma to help—she had promised to do what she could—and trust in Providence for the rest.

When she had finally decided definitely to put her scheme into play, she called Thelma's phone number.

It was a desperate attempt to regain the priceless treasure she had lost, but drowning men grasp at straws. Impatiently she awaited Thelma's response, but though Central rang again and again, she could not raise her friend's studio. So she put down the receiver and considered how Thelma might be reached. Then she thought of Larry. Of course! He would be glad to deliver a message to Thelma for her. So she rang his number, and he responded at once.

"Well! Mrs. Rawn, what a pleasure to hear your voice! What can I do for you? Not thinking of re-engaging your studio? It's still vacant."

"Oh, no; unfortunately I was not thinking of that. It's Thelma I want. I can't raise her at her studio; do you know where she is? It's important."

"Oh! Haven't you heard the news?" Lucilla started. Had Thelma done something reckless, or impulsive, or—violent?

"No; what is it? Is she well? Tell me quickly!"

"Oh, yes; she is very well indeed!"

"Then where can I reach her?"

"Her studio is vacant too; I don't expect she'll ever return."

"Why? Has she given it up?"

"Yes; she's moved farther down the street."

"Oh, Larry, quit teasing me! Please tell me what the news is!" Larry laughed and seemed to enjoy it.

"Well, as you know nothing about it, I don't believe I'll tell you. I'll just send Thelma down to see you herself. That be all right?"

"That will be fine! But I'd like to shoot you for keeping me in suspense. Thank you very much, Larry."

That afternoon a Ford sedan of the vintage of 1919, or thereabouts, freshly and gaudily painted in turquoise enamel, drew up before No. 25 Park Drive. A few minutes later the bell rang, and Howard was ushering in Thelma, and asking her to be seated while she called her mistress. Lucilla took the small pasteboard which the maid handed her, and read:

"Mrs. Frederic Evers"

With her heart pounding like mad, Lucilla raced down the stairs and swept the waiting figure below stairs into her arms.

"Oh, Thelma! You dear, dear child!" she cried, kissing her again and again, tears springing to her eyes.

"Well, I took the plunge; aren't you going to congratulate me?" smiled Thelma, whimsically.

"Oh, I certainly do congratulate you, dear, and may there never, never be a cloud in your sky as long as you live! But it's just like you, you dear, whole-hearted, golden thing! How happy Freddie must be!"

"Cil, I am a queen, if ever there was one, if his devotion is a standard to go by."

"Wonderful! I knew it! You have chosen wisely and well, Thelma dear, and remember—love begets love." Thelma sighed.

"Perhaps; there was nothing else to do with my life. At any rate, it is nice to feel that one is so cher-

ished and protected. You see, I have been knocked about all my life, so it feels rather wonderful to be so cared for and looked after, with every least wish anticipated."

"And his health?"

"Is improving by leaps and bounds. He has changed most wonderfully! His appetite has come back, and he sings all day long while he works, and do you know, when I watch him, sometimes I think his forehead and profile are positively handsome!" Lucilla shook her finger at her friend.

"Love's alchemy, my dear. It works wonders. Love fulfilled *will* make him handsome—and you, too, will come under its spell before long." Thelma laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"What do you think of our Rolls-Royce out there?" They both looked through the curtains. "It is Freddie's wedding present to me. Best we can afford just now, but when Freddie becomes famous, we will perhaps get something a little better."

"Well, it won't be many years before you have your Rolls-Royce, I'm thinking," warmly replied Lucilla. "Freddie has talent, and with you to walk by his side, he will climb the heights before long. You will be his inspiration."

"Oh, Cil, you should see the life-sized portrait of me he painted in secret, months ago! I never once sat for it, yet it is true in every detail—it is even flattering. It is myself as he *sees* me."

"Ah, I am sure you two are going to be wonderfully happy together. And did you have a church wedding?"

"Just a quiet one, at six o'clock Mass in the morning. You see, I am a Catholic now, and it makes me so happy! I wonder I was so stubborn before when Freddie wanted me to take instructions. I was a fool."

"That makes it perfect! But I wonder now if you'll have time to help me with my shattered romance. I have a plan—" Immediately Thelma was all interest.

"Oh, let's hear it. I'll do all in my power." So they put their heads together and collaborated awhile.

"How soon?"

"As soon as I've finished all my preparations. I'll call you up and let you know just when I'll be ready. In a day or two."

"Very well; you may count on me."

"And now, suppose you call Freddie in here and have tea with me."

He came—a changed, happy, transfigured Freddie, in a trim new suit, most carefully shaved, (a thing he had usually been careless about in the past) and with his long locks shorn off to ordinary man-size. Lucilla scarcely knew him. They spent a happy afternoon, and then departed with Lucilla's most hearty good wishes. They both loved her.

Next morning she was up and out early, went downtown, and with reckless abandon, bought the finest silver coffee service the shop afforded, as a wedding present for Freddie and Thelma. Then, with suppressed excitement, she ordered some wonderful gowns with hats and accessories to match, and lastly, visited a hair-

dresser's shop, where a blond wig attracted her attention. Two days later, her plans all set, she rang up Thelma and told her to go ahead as they had agreed.

The phone rang on Ted Rawn's desk.

"Hello?"

"Ted? This is Thelma."

"Well! Thelma! It sounds good to hear your voice. So you have reconsidered your hard decision not to have anything more to do with me?"

"I'd like to have a word with you alone somewhere, Ted."

"Why, certainly. Tickled to death! Where shall I call for you?"

"I'll meet you in the lobby of the Rockingham. That all right?"

"Fine, fine! And we'll have dinner and dance a little afterwards, shall we, just to celebrate?"

"We'll decide that after we are there."

"Very well. Suits me. If you'd rather go somewhere else for dinner, just let me know."

"At seven, Ted."

"Seven o'clock it shall be."

"Good-bye,"

"Good-bye, Thelma."

(To be continued)

Security

(Seventy-first Psalm)

EDITH TATUM

Thou art my stronghold whereunto
I may resort in time of need,
For thou hast promised me thy help—
This thine assurance I shall heed.

Thou art my house of sure defense,
I rest content through all alarm,
Securely held by thy dear love
From aught that can my spirit harm.

Wax as Protection

Did you ever notice the wax on a beautiful red apple? Take an apple—red ones show their wax best—wash it, rub it hard with a cloth, and the harder you rub, the more brilliant becomes the luster. Then take your finger nail and scrape the surface of the apple—a little curl of wax comes away—Nature's protection. Most glossy fruits and vegetables have this protection; flowers, too. Did you ever come into a house with hardwood floors throughout, a house that had been lived in but is empty now—and see paths worn from room to room, between the rugs, from door to rug, from hall to kitchen, etc.? And did you ever see a kitchen with a beautiful linoleum, and then come back a year later perhaps, and find the design worn off at the stove, at the sink, in front of the refrigerator, the china cabinet, and the table?

And did you ever regret beautiful shiny surfaces on which bric-a-brac must needs be placed, or bowls of

fruit, or chafing dishes, electric percolators, or the like, and no matter how much care is taken, you find the imprint of the linen doily or even of the flannelette pad sunk hopelessly into the varnish? All these household calamities might have been avoided, had the surfaces been waxed, and the sooner every housewife learns the secret of waxing everything in her home, the sooner will she be released from a lot of onerous duties which "keep her nose to the grindstone."

That house with the worn pathways might still have the original lustrous floors, even where most walking is done, had those places been waxed once a week. For waxing prevents scratching; more than that, it prevents dirt from sinking down into the pores of the wood, since it seals up these pores, thus making cleaning easier. Any woman who buys a beautiful linoleum and then fails to varnish it at once, and wax it as soon as the varnish is hard, is simply throwing money out of her purse. A linoleum, thus treated at once, needs waxing but once a month, and scrubbing—never. Gone are the days of the hard-soap-and-scrubbing-brush cleaning twice a week, if wax is used. The varnished and waxed linoleum needs but to be dusted every day with an oil mop, which constantly improves its luster. If light-colored, and it looks soiled here and there from drops of water, etc., which have been walked on, a damp mop will quickly erase everything.

Polished surfaces upon which bowls, vases, and ornaments must be set, will never show a mark if waxed first; neither will drops of water from a wet vase cause white spots. Flower pots on a window sill will never leave a mark if the varnished surface of the sill is waxed. Mantlepieces where clocks and vases stand, should be waxed, and then the ornament may be placed thereon even without a doily, and nothing can scratch it.

Linoleum will still look like new after years of hard wear, if constantly waxed, and varnished about every two years. Of course, before varnishing, the oilcloth should receive a thorough soap-wash, to remove the wax. Furniture, too, will present half the labor if waxed; scratching is prevented, and each dusting improves the lustre. Automobiles which have been waxed may go through rain and snow, dry off, and be merely rubbed down dry to bring back their shine.

Household Hints

Have a kitchen whetstone always in your utensil drawer, and you need never be annoyed by dull paring of carving knives. Before cutting fresh bread, or slicing meat, first sharpen your carving knife; when slicing tomatoes, your paring knife must be very sharp, for tomato skins resist dull knives; a sharp knife is needed, too, to cut the centers out of grapefruit, slicing oranges, and cutting out the stem ends of green peppers. But be sure you wipe your knife after sharpening, so particles of steel or sand from the sharpening stone will not be conveyed to the food to be cut.

Now that summer is upon us, many a wasp will have its inning. When stung by one, cut an onion in half, and rub the affected part with the cut side. If one accidentally flies into the mouth, chew pieces of onion.

When light-colored rag rugs become badly faded, dip in a strong solution of bluing, and wring out lightly, and you will achieve a pleasing azure color. Or, you might dip them in any light-colored dye tint.

Recipes

CARROT, CABBAGE, AND CELERY SALAD: Raw carrots, combined with other vegetables and mayonnaise, make a very delicious salad. Cut up one bunch of carrots into small cubes, shred the cabbage, and cut the celery stalks quite fine, using the tender yellow leaves also, (which, they tell us, are full of sunlight, therefore valuable). Place in deep mixing bowl, and add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons vinegar, and a small jar of mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly and serve.

HAMBURGER PIE: Take a pound of ground beef and add 1 chopped onion, pepper, salt and a grating of nutmeg. Place lightly in a pan lined with pie crust, dot with butter, sprinkle with catsup, and spread the top with sliced potatoes, sprinkling these lightly with salt and pepper. Then cover with top crust, pierced here and there to let out steam. Dot butter on the perforations and bake about 30 minutes.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 84)

TINFOIL, RELIGIOUS ARTICLES AND MISCELLANEOUS

Many thanks to the following kind ladies who sent in tinfoil, rosaries, prayer books, holy pictures, jewelry, pieces of cloth and quilt patches, trinkets, etc.: Mrs. E. J. Madigan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M. Corcoran, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Mullins, Union City, N. J.; E. Andrews, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. G. Roth, New York City; C. McClellan, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. Kolar, St. Louis, Mo., (a fine box of assorted beads); Mrs. Florence Long, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. G. Bevan, Atlantic City, N. J.; J. M. Chamberlain, Hartford, Conn.; Catherine Coyle, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. J. Donohue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Mabel Daelhausen, Maplewood, Mo.; L. M. Kohrs, Torrington, Conn.; Mrs. J. McGinnis, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Marg. McDevitt, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Marie Tragesser, Tipton, Ind.; Miss E. O. Halloran, Indianapolis, Ind.; Helen Fitzgerald, New York City; Mrs. M. Lunney, Chicago, Ill., (2 packages).

Keep on coming, dear friends, and may God bless you!

Kweery Korner

(Continued from page 82)

Who is the oldest Cardinal at the present time and what is his age?—Cleveland, Ohio.

The present Dean of the Sacred College, Vincent Cardinal Vanutelli, born on Dec. 5, 1836, is the oldest of the Cardinals.

What Saint is invoked against poisoning?—Buffalo, N. Y.

It gives the editor of this column great pleasure to inform his questioner that Saint Benedict, whose Feast takes place on March 21st, is the Saint who is called upon in cases of poison. He is likewise quite universally called upon in cases of doubt concerning vocation.



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Dr. H.—"Good morning, all! I am glad to see you back, Mr. Rackham, after your severe sickness."

R.—"Oh, Doctor, that was some sickness, let me tell you. Why, I suppose there never was anyone as sick as I was that came through at all. If it wasn't that I had the good sense and judgment to go to the doctor at once, it's not here I'd be."

Mrs. Carey (aside)—"Listen to him, and it took his wife and half the county to get him to go near the doctor."

Dr. H.—"Well, I think we will go back to-day to the diseases of the circulation."

R.—"I'd sooner talk about tetanus. It is a wonderful disease."

Mrs. Klein.—"I think we'd all rather hear something more about tetanus."

Mrs. Carey.—"Sure, Doctor. Isn't that a disease that only comes about the 4th of July. Leastways I never heard of it at any other time except this here case of Rackham's, and he is always acting odd anyway."

R.—"There was nothing odd about me getting tetanus. Didn't I get the nail in my foot? Of course, I am the only man in the county ever had it, and I can tell you I was a sick man."

Dr. H.—"Now wait a minute. You can have tetanus any time of the year without being the least odd, but about the 4th of July is a time that little boys and sometimes big ones are shooting off fire crackers and toy pistols, and these things are likely to make trouble. Such accidents as occur often drive matter under the skin. You have seen powder driven under the skin where a blue stain showed through. Well, that powder can carry with it dirt from the part or other matter that may be infected with tetanus, and, as the skin closes over it, the air is shut out and the germs find themselves in the best possible place to grow and develop. A piercing wound with a nail or a needle gives the same conditions. The parts close over and the germs are shut out from the air. Tetanus germs grow rapidly when the air is shut off and they are in a warm moist place."

Mrs. Carey.—"And is the air bad for them Doctor?"

Dr. H.—"It is indeed, Mrs. Carey, so bad that tetanus germs will not grow if exposed to plenty of air and sunshine."

Mrs. Klein.—"Is that the reason that they tell us to not dress any wounds air-tight, and to let the sun shine on them as much as possible?"

Dr. H.—"That is the reason. And now let me ask you where you learned so much about dressing wounds."

Mrs. Klein.—"Our County Nurse is giving courses to the women on 'First Aid.'"

Dr. H.—"That is a very splendid thing, and you, I am sure, are getting a good deal from these lessons. I wish all the women who have to take care of children

could get your opportunity. However, it is easy to understand that when the poison is carried under the skin, and the opening is closed, that there is no chance for the air to act on the germs. Then our only hope is in the serum that acts directly on the germs as they distribute themselves over the whole system."

Mrs. Klein.—"Then it would be right to always let scratches and breaks of the skin be exposed to the sun?"

Dr. H.—"It would."

Mrs. Klein.—"And to bring the child to the doctor, if it was what you call a piercing or a penetrating wound?"

Dr. H.—"It would."

Mrs. Carey.—"I thought there was no harm in anything but a rusty nail."

Dr. H.—"That is a common enough belief, but the rusty nail is only harmful in the degree that, being rough from the rust, it is more likely to carry dirt into the wound, and carries more dirt and so increases the likelihood of infection. Also nails are more likely to be lying round in stables and barns and gardens, and these are the places where the tetanus germs abound."

"Referring to Mrs. Klein's remarks about not dressing wounds air-tight, I will tell you a story about a tragedy that occurred in Italy about the middle of the last century. There was an earthquake and many people ran for shelter to the church, which was a very old stone building. It was shaken to the earth but most of the people escaped with only scratches and bruises. Later, one after another they began to develop signs of convulsions, and a great many died. Doctors came from Rome and Milan and all over Italy to find the cause of this great number of deaths following very simple wounds. They knew that the old mortar and plaster contained tetanus germs and that tetanus was the cause of the death, but that so many should die, puzzled them. One of the doctors soon found that it was a custom in that place to use a thin flat leaf that grew in abundance in the fields as a dressing for wounds. At first it was thought that this leaf had some poisonous quality, but later it developed that the cause of the great number of deaths was that the leaf had sealed the wound, shutting it up from the air and sunshine and giving the tetanus germ an opportunity to develop, thus making the least scratch deadly."

"The lesson we learn here is to avoid putting adhesive or 'new skin' or egg skin or any other air-tight substance over any wound—and to expose wounds to the sunshine as much as possible."

Mrs. Klein.—"And to go to the doctor with the piercing or penetrating wounds."

Dr. H.—"Yes, Mrs. Klein, to go to the doctor with any wound we have the least doubt about."



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The Grail Fashion Department

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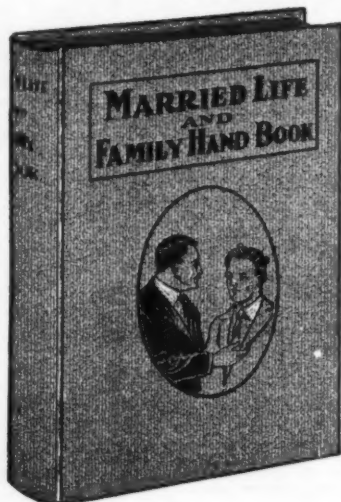
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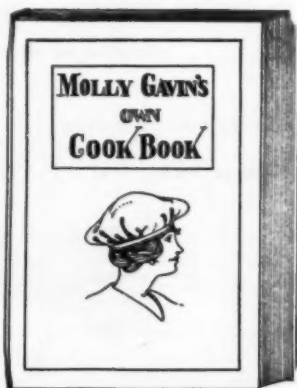
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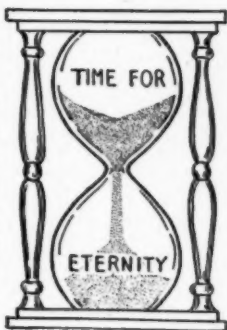
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